CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 17 1964

MACLEAN'S

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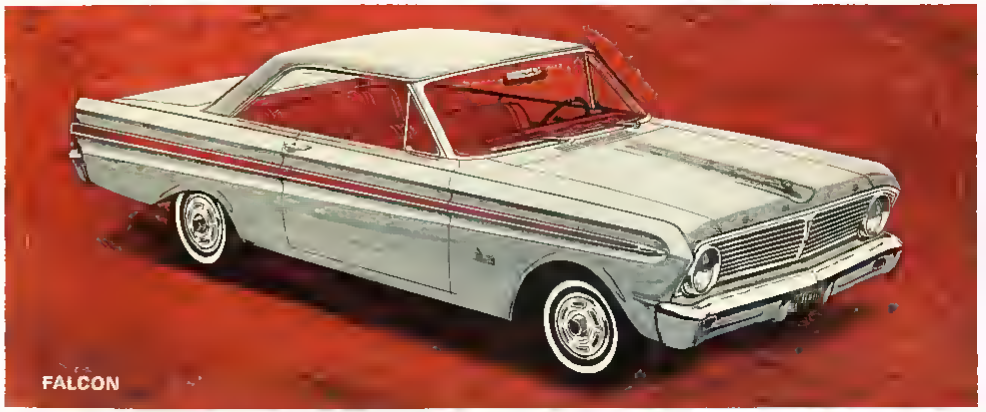
An angry Northerner's challenge: The trouble with the North is — the South

THE ARCTIC TODAY





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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE — OCTOBER 17 1964 — VOLUME 77 NUMBER 20

THE LIMELIGHT

How Montreal's favorite cop chased away a very persistent ghost

AS HEAD OF Montreal's anti-terrorist squad Detective-Sergeant Léo Plouffe has investigated scores of separatist bombing scares dismantled several lethal bombs and generated almost as much publicity as J. Edgar Hoover. Last month he generated a lot more with an assignment that was a change of pace from all those bomb scares but somehow still very much in character for Leo Plouffe: he defused a haunted apartment.

The apartment was rented by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Payfer and their three young sons. Payfer works in a shoe factory and doesn't want trouble from anybody but early in August night-prowling poltergeists started hammering loudly on the bedroom wall. By the time Plouffe had succeeded a month later in exorcising what Payfer still refers to as "the evil spirits" the family had learned all they wanted to know about poltergeists, reporters and the amazingly numerous curiosity seekers of Montreal's east end.

The Payfers first heard the noises on the night of August 9, after the children had been put to bed. It sounded like someone slamming at the inside of the wall with a rubber hammer. Night after night the noises continued, always between nine p.m. and midnight, and always after the children — eight year-old Robert, seven year-old Guy and four-year-old Richard —were tucked in bed. Sometimes the wall shook violently. Once the banging jogged a crucifix off the wall; another time it caused a breeze strong enough to rumple Mrs. Payfer's hair.

The neighbors heard it too. A woman living next door moved out, and the Payfers' landlord became so intrigued that he tore down the offending wall and had the plumbing and wiring checked. Finding nothing, he rebuilt the wall and told the Payfers that he would cancel their lease if they'd like to move. They moved.

The first two nights of silence in their new flat on an east-end street called rue Ernest Gendreau were an immense relief. Mrs. Payfer, who'd been under a doctor's care since the banging began, started to relax. But then on September 7 the poltergeists reappeared, and this time there was additional trouble: rumors were getting around, and crowds were beginning to gather every night in the narrow street. And since a priest had already tried and failed to exorcise the spirits, the Payfers decided to try another solution: they called the police.

NOW AN EAST-END GHOST MADE THE POLICE BLOTTER

The police came and heard for themselves. They even led the Payfers back to their old flat, where the walls obligingly started banging again as soon as they arrived. But the investigation gave the family no relief: the case was entered on the police blotter as *le mur-mystère*, and when the police reporters spotted *that* there was no more peace for the family. On the night of September 10, rue Ernest-Gendreau resembled the miracle scene in *La Dolce Vita*: about a thousand people were jammed outside the Payfers' house. White-helmeted policemen kept traffic moving. Reporters and photographers swarmed around like *paparazzi* on the Via Veneto. Inside the apartment, radio reporters aimed microphones at the bedroom wall and were rewarded with a satisfying series of mysterious bangs. One policeman got so nervous that he drew his gun: another—a big man who's been involved in several gun duels—dashed from the house in fright.

The next day the French language tabloids were full of the story. One radio station gave minute-to-minute bulletins on the affair. Tape-recorded bangings and all. That night the crowds were bigger than before. This time police blocked off traffic and alerted civil defense. At nine in the evening, the traditional watching hour in the Payfer apartment, Léo Plouffe arrived.

TUNING IN ON A POLTERGEIST

Plouffe, who is working on his MA in criminology and doesn't believe in ghosts, took charge in a hurry. He cleared everyone but the family out of the apartment and settled down for a night-long vigil beside the *mur mystère* armed with a sensitive microphone and a radio transmitter. "I'll you want to observe a psychic phenomenon," he explained "you've got to do it right."

Nothing happened. At one point, towards midnight, Plouffe turned on the light in the darkened flat. "From outside," says Plouffe, "there came a roar like you hear at the Forum when Beliveau scores a goal. There must have been five thousand people out there, and when they saw the light in the window they thought they'd seen a ghost." The only mysterious rappings Plouffe heard came at three in the morning—but it turned out to be a radio reporter banging on the window to find out what was going on.

At six in the morning, Plouffe stalked out in disgust. He wasn't impressed by the tale of a policeman stationed outside who claimed he'd just seen the whole building shake. "I really got the idea," Plouffe declared, "that I was the only sane person in the place. The whole affair is an object lesson in mass hysteria." He was probably right, although priests, policemen and journalists are willing to swear they heard *something* banging on the wall, the poltergeists haven't been heard from since Plouffe's nightlong vigil.



MRS. PAYFER AND SON: SOMETHING WENT BUMP



LEO PLOUFFE: THE ONLY CALM MAN IN THE PLACE



BACKSTAGE IN OTTAWA

Blair Fraser

What the man said isn't always what the press gallery says he said

WHEN OPPOSITION LEADER Diefenbaker criticized the reporting of Parliament in Canadian newspapers in his speech to the Conservative thinkers conference in Fredericton last month he reopened a sore subject. Conservatives are not alone in thinking themselves ill treated by the press. Liberals, New Democrats and both kinds of Social Crediter feel almost equally aggrieved and don't mind saying so to their friends (if that is the right word) in the press gallery.

But in the present state of party politics there isn't much hope of improving this situation. Politicians may close ranks in denouncing the press in general, but they can't resist taking advantage of any particular distortion or misunderstanding. It offers a convenient weapon for partisan warfare. Misconceptions are magnified by political debate until the final impres-

sion bears no resemblence at all to what was said in the first place.

Two classic textbook examples of this difficulty occurred a few weeks ago when the assembly of the Atlantic Treaty Association, a purely private group devoted to the aid and comfort of NATO, met in Ottawa for its tenth conference.

Dr. Robert J. Sutherland, a scientist who is one of the defense minister's advisers on operational research, was invited to address the ATA conference on "The Defense of North America." As any civil servant knows, this is a touchy subject.

Knowing this, Dr. Sutherland wrote his text in cautiously academic language and sent a copy to Defense Minister Paul Hellyer. Hellyer sent it back with a facetious note scrawled in the margin. This strikes me as a professional explanation of what Shakespeare really meant three hundred years after the event." It was a purely factual survey of the North American air-defense system, carefully purged of everything but the most self-evident statements of fact, particularly designed to explain why NORAD (North American Air Defense) still has a useful role to play despite the advent of the ballistic missile. NORAD can't even detect a ballistic missile, let alone stop one, but Dr. Sutherland pointed out that as long as the Soviet bomber fleet remains in existence the defense against it is still necessary.

DESPITE ICBMS, BOMBERS CAN STILL DROP BOMBS

It is beyond question that within the total spectrum of western military programs, the impotence of North American air defense has diminished," he said. "*But it has not diminished to, and is not at all likely to diminish to, zero within any period of time that is relevant to military planning.*"

He was a little startled, therefore, to read a Canadian Press despatch in the next morning's papers. One of Canada's top defense policy planners said today the importance of North American air defense on which the United States and Canada have spent about fifty billion dollars since 1949 has diminished."

The quotation was quite accurate, but the point Dr. Sutherland intended to stress was contained in other sentences of the same paragraph. "The ballistic missile has not entirely replaced the manned bomber as a strategic delivery system. The Soviet Union retains a significant bomber force. The manned bomber continues to possess certain advantages, and this would be even more true if there were no defenses."

"I really don't understand what happened," Dr. Sutherland said later. "There were two stages to it — first the story sent out by General Press, and second, what was said in Parliament, adding up to a total of one hundred and eighty degrees. The mathematical equivalent of this," he added thoughtfully, "is two multiplications by the square root of minus one."

What happened in Parliament was this. As soon as the House met NDP leader Tommy Douglas jumped up with a question based on the morning's front page headline. In view of the fact that this (Sutherland statement) vindicates the position taken by this party (against nuclear arms), I should like to ask whether the government now intends to begin negotiations with the U.S. to discontinue maintenance of BOMARC missile bases on Canadian soil?"

After Defense Minister Paul Hellyer had fended that one off, John Diefenbaker weighed in with another loaded question.

Meanwhile back at the ATA assembly Fete was setting a similar booby trap for another innocent bystander—Livingston T. Merchant, retired U.S. ambassador who had served two highly successful terms in Canada and who'd been invited to speak on "North America and the Atlantic Community."

Nearly two years ago the late President Kennedy called Livingston Merchant out of retirement to be his personal emissary to other NATO governments on behalf of the so-called "multilateral force" — the project of mixed-manned ships drawing crews from all NATO countries and bearing nuclear arms over which nobody would have a veto. It was and is a scheme for sharing the custody of nuclear weapons and although it has had a rather cool reception in other capitals (including Ottawa) it is still the avowed policy of the United States.

At the ATA meeting Merchant devoted exactly one sentence of his prepared text to the multilateral force (he cited it as an example of co-operation that the allies might adopt). Two nights previously before Merchant arrived in Ottawa, Paul Martin had also devoted one sentence of a sixteen page speech to the multilateral force saying it "does not really meet the preoccupations of those who are looking for a greater share of responsibility within the alliance."

After Merchant had delivered his prepared speech, one of the Canadian delegates asked him to say a bit more about the multilateral force, on which he is an acknowledged expert. A British delegate, a retired naval officer, took fifteen minutes to attack the MLF as militarily useless though he admitted it might have some political purpose. Thus prodded, Merchant got up again to give a brief, lucid summary of the American case for the multilateral force. He made no mention of Canada, no mention of Paul Martin's speech (which he had read but hadn't heard), and no criticism of any country.

Next morning a front-page headline said: "MERCHANT CHIDES OTTAWA REFUSAL TO JOIN NATO's NUCLEAR FLEET." Below this headline was a Canadian Press story that began: "Livingston T. Merchant, former U.S. ambassador to Ottawa, indirectly criticized Canada yesterday for its refusal to participate in the proposed NATO multilateral seaborne nuclear strike force."

Later, looking back on the events of the week, a Canadian civil servant said: "It's getting so the Americans who come here are scared to say anything about anything. They've just no way of knowing what Canadians will think they said."

SPORTS

The centennial's second-biggest show and the men who got it for Winnipeg

BY 1967 THE WORLD'S FAIR and the centennial celebrations should make Canada as familiar as Vietnam to newspaper readers around the world. But for at least two weeks in 1967 the world's fair will be upstaged by an event that most Canadians haven't even heard about yet: the fifth Pan-American Games, an athletic extravaganza that runs from July 22 to August 7 in... of all places, Winnipeg.

For Winnipeg, playing host to the Pan-Am Games is quite a coup. With more than four hundred scheduled athletic events and twenty-five hundred participating athletes from all over North and South America, it will be the



JIM DALY: FOR WINNIPEG A TOUCH OF LARCENY

largest sports festival held in the western hemisphere since the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932. Winnipeg's Pee Am boosters — there will be five thousand of them serving on various committees — say the event will be three times the size of the British Empire Games that Vancouver hosted ten years ago.

Not only will the Winnipeg Games be bigger than Vancouver's, according to Jim Daly, the thirty-seven-year-old insurance adjuster who doubles as top planner for the event, they'll also be better — better at least for Winnipeg. Daly expects to collect almost twice as much ticket revenue as Vancouver did, and attract a larger sheaf of provincial and federal participation. Since U.S. athletes inevitably will dominate the Games, Daly is planning for at least 150,000 American visitors — and estimates they'll spend fifteen million dollars in Manitoba.

But if people don't come to the Games, Daly plans to bring the Games to the people. Gymnastic and fencing events, for instance, are usually shunted off to the suburbs; Daly plans to hold them beneath an inflatable nylon tent set up in a downtown park. ("If the events don't attract office workers," he says, "the tent will.")

But the immediate benefits for Winnipeg should be outweighed by what's left behind: sports facilities that would ordinarily take a city twenty years to accumulate. Winnipeg already has about eighty million dollars worth of gymnasiums and stadiums needed now are a cycle track, an Olympic-sized swimming pool and a site for track and field events. Lake Winnipeg will be the scene of the sailing events and Daly has arranged to buy fifty sailboats so that competitors won't have to bring their own.

If Daly and his associates have a head start in planning, the reason is simple: they've been trying to lure the Games to Winnipeg for the past six years. In 1959 they made a hard sell pitch to the Congress of the Pan American Sports Organization in Chicago for the 1963 Games. But the Brazilian delegate out-talked them and the Games went to Sao Paulo. For the next four years Daly's committee concentrated on gathering support in Winnipeg and last year sent a ten-man delegation — all of them wearing identical tartan sports jackets — to the Pan Am Congress in Sao Paulo.

Selling the Sao Paulo delegates was a little like negotiating the test ban treaty. Daly's committee had prepared a fat brief on Winnipeg's qualifications and had it printed in Spanish as well as English. But a special committee wanted even more information. In particular they wanted to know if Winnipeg is *really* sports conscious. Daly, who has a touch of fervent in his soul, was equal to the occasion. When the committee asked about Winnipeg's baseball facilities, he flourished a large photograph of Winnipeg's stadium. "It was crawling with people," Daly recalls, "but I didn't tell the committee that they were there to watch Stan Musial play an exhibition game." Then the committee wanted to know about basketball facilities. Again Daly produced a large, glossy photograph showing the city's arena black with people — "people playing bingo, as a matter of fact," he says. After that the issue was no longer in doubt. Winnipeg had the 1967 Games, and Daly's tartan-clad pitchmen returned home to start planning in earnest.

At first Winnipeg is skeptical. The *Tribune* ran a series of editorials describing Chicago's unhappy experience with the 1959 Pan Am Games. Darwin Chase, who sits on Winnipeg's Metro council, expressed his fears that "we're being sucked into something." But now, with hundreds of highly vocal committeemen enlisted in the cause and with Pan Am boosters talking up the Games in such spots as the North Dekota luncheon club circuit, the doubters have been silenced.

THE EDITOR

U.S. REPORT

Strom Thurmond did LBJ a favor by deciding to fight him

BECAUSE OF HIS CIVIL RIGHTS legislation, the Democratic party is weak throughout the Deep South, and Barry Goldwater's strategy against Lyndon Johnson has been based on this fact. And so, when South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond announced last month that he'd quit the Democrats and switched to Goldwater's Republicans, the initial reaction in Goldwater's camp was one of jubilation. On the surface it looked as though Thurmond's defection might give Goldwater a big push towards the White House.

Since then, however, the Republican cheers have faded. Now it's the Democrats who are joyful for they realize that Thurmond's defection was encouraged by southern Democratic leaders who wanted to be rid of him. Rather than assuming southern gains for Goldwater, Thurmond's move will probably work in reverse—and boost Johnson's stock in the south.

Thurmond has merely emerged as a leader of those who were planning to vote for Goldwater anyway. The significant point is that his entry into the Republican ranks ensures that southern moderates—who despite the popular view are a majority in the south—will be compelled to stick with President Johnson. If they were toying with the idea of voting for Goldwater, Thurmond has stopped them.

The brand of conservatism practised by Strom Thurmond is alien to the south. Most white southerners are against equal rights for Negroes. Most of them are against what they call "interference" with state governments. But they are not *for* the vast bulk of things espoused by this tall, well-muscled man with a neck as red as the clay on a South Carolina cotton field.

He is one of the most visible and least popular of the southern conservative leaders. He speaks in a flat, candy-coated drawl and he spends frequently to practically any right-wing organization that wants to hear him. But despite his relentless willingness to be heard, Thurmond is no off-the-cuff speaker. He seldom ventures onto a public platform without a prepared text—not even when he's asking questions in the Senate committee hearing. His hypnosis are among the busiest in Washington.

No senator south of Virginia serves anywhere near as well as Thurmond on the annual congressional report card of Americans for Constitutional Action, an organization which awards points to senators on the basis of the conservatism of their voting records. In 1960 Thurmond scored seventy-eight. This year his mark reached eighty-eight, and in reaching that figure believe.

Thurmond's ACA rating might have been considerably higher except for two things: he voted for public works projects for the south and for agricultural price supports that would help southern farmers.

The obvious necessity of Thurmond voting for the bills that give him minuses on the ACA scorecard is the key to his endorsement—and it will also be the undoing of Goldwater in the south. The south receives a disproportionate share of the federal government's largesse. There are millions on every front: defense contracts, crop supports, federally supported road building and payments to school districts near military bases.

The south receives this bounty for two reasons, because for generations the south has been faithful to the Democratic party and because southern congressmen high in seniority on Capitol Hill control the committees that control the purse. By defecting to Goldwater, Thurmond has thrown away both advantages.

It is acceptable in the south for a politician to preach against "big government spending," but it is not wise for him to work actively against it when the money is heading south. Goldwater has again proposed selling to private enterprise the Tennessee Valley Authority, the vast power project that has brought industry and some light into the middle south. That, to the users of TVA power, is as bad as advocating civil rights.

That is part of the lumpy bed that Thurmond has made for himself. With properly applied pressure leaders like Georgia's Senator Richard Russell easily could have kept Thurmond in the party, even if it meant having him sit on his hands throughout the campaign. But they decided to let him go, and it's doubtful that Thurmond even understood the plot.

The truth is that Thurmond has been something of an embarrassment to southern political leaders ever since he bolted the Democratic party to oppose Harry Truman as the Dixiecrat candidate in 1948. Russell was offered the Dixiecrat nomination that year and refused it. He knew too well what the power and prestige of the Democratic party means to Georgia. Neither he nor his state could afford such an adventure. When no one else seemed eager for the job, Thurmond grabbed it. It is worth remembering that Thurmond carried only four states.

That debacle proved once and for all that the south seldom pets its money where its mouth is. And now by defecting to the Goldwater camp, Thurmond seems certain to prove it again. The south loves states' rights, but it knows it can't make a living off them.

GEORGE BOTTOMLEY

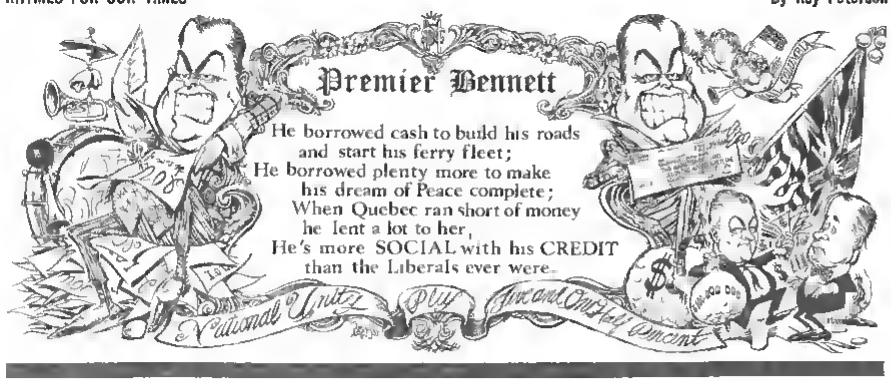
FOLKWAYS

How to find Miss Right: answer a thousand questions and call in IBM

MARRIAGES USED TO be made in heaven but now, thanks to Dr. Stephen Neigh and his wife Trudy, there's a good chance that many of tomorrow's marriages will be made by IBM

RHYMES FOR OUR TIMES

By Roy Peterson



Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The Neigers have started what they claim is Canada's first *scientific* marriage bureau. By applying the same techniques to match-making that big corporations use to choose executives they believe they can create happy marriages that will stay that way.

It's too early to tell, but an impressive number of Canadian men and women appear to think the Neigers are on to something. Since they opened an agency called the Scientific Introduction Centre in Toronto last February, the Neigers enrolled more members in their first six weeks than any other Toronto bureau has enlisted in six years. They've had a thousand applications accepted more than four hundred of them and now claim they've assembled the largest concentration of well-screened, eligible persons in Ontario and perhaps in all of Canada. Fourteen of their highly satisfied customers are planning pre-Christmas weddings.

FORTY MILLION BACHELOR GIRLS AND BOYS

The Neigers brood about the fact that there are forty million single men and women in North America and that most of them will devote more care, logic and research to buying a car or hiring a secretary than they will to choosing a life-long mate. To correct the situation, they've enlisted automation and industrial psychology in the cause of romance.

Once they're accepted, prospective clients must complete a battery of personality tests aimed at revealing what they need in the way



THE NEIGERS' MARRIED LOVE, COURTESY OF IBM

of a mate. More than a thousand self-exposing questions are involved, including sentence-completion tests like this: "Her sons ..." "My sex life is normal but ..." and "My in-laws ..."

Applicants also record their attitudes to everything from big business to ragged fingernails and complete something called the Marriage Role Expectation Inventory, which reveals whether or not male applicants are the type who would help their wives with the dishes.

The tests cost fifty dollars, and for another ten clients receive an evaluation of the test results by one of the bureau's eight part-time consultants (among them they have fourteen postgraduate degrees). And for an additional seventy-five dollars, the centre will run the test results through an IBM card sorter, which riffles through a thousand cards every two minutes and selects several potential mates with comparable characteristics. Then the client is given a phone number and, presumably, old-fashioned chemistry takes over.

Most of the time, according to the Neigers, things go swimmingly. But occasionally, the first evening turns out to be every bit as ghastly as blind dates often are. One disgruntled prospect reported that his date got hefty when he suggested they meet for a quiet drink. She didn't drink, and she insisted on meeting somewhere *safe* — like on a bench in a shopping plaza. "In my opinion," he wrote in his report, Miss X may be a good partner for some man who feels at home in the Church Basement Society. Please consult your IBM crystal ball again."

Neiger, who was born in Hungary and wears an appropriately Freudian goatee, still works as a clinical psychologist while his wife tends the office full time. But because they estimate that the chances of accidentally meeting the right mate are only one in five thousand, and because they themselves met through a marriage broker in Europe, they're confident the business will grow. The next step they're planning is a logical extension of the bureau's present work: marriage counselling. "We're not interested just in marriages," says Neiger. "*Better* marriages are what we're after."

ROSEMARY ROCHESTER

EDITORIAL

Population explosion? It's just what we need

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES, men and machines dig coking coal for Japan. This year, they'll ship a million tons of it across the Pacific. Elsewhere in Canada, men and machines dig iron ore for Japan. This year, they'll ship two and a half million tons of it across the Pacific.

The Canadian coking coal and Canadian iron ore are fed into the hungry mouth of Japan's vast metallurgical industry. They end up as steel and steel products—pipe, motorcycles, industrial machinery. Japan sells many of these products back to Canada. Thus, in effect, we are paying the Japanese to do our manufacturing for us.

It's an honest arrangement—part of the vigorous and valuable trading we do with Japan. But it points up what many thoughtful Canadians see as Canada's biggest problem and handicap.

We have huge resources, but we haven't a big enough population, a big enough industrial base, to make adequate use of those resources. Consequently, we ship them to countries whose big population has given them a big industrial base—the United States with its 190 million people, Japan with its ninety-five million, Great Britain with its fifty-five million. They process our resources, and sell the finished product back to us.

After almost a century of national existence, Canada is still underdeveloped. It is still too dependent upon the sale of raw and semi-processed materials to more populous nations—and is still too dependent upon them for a wide range of capital and consumer goods. This is not their fault, but our own, for failing to fill up our wide and wealthy country.

Canada now has 19.5 million people, and they are increasing at a rate of 350,000 annually—one million every three years. We'll never populate Canada this way, never build massive industries to match and utilize our massive resources. We can do it only through continuous, large-scale immigration—something we've never really tried since the empire-building days of more than sixty years ago.

Even the modest influx of immigrants we obtained after the war has fallen. From the high point of 282,000 in 1957, it tumbled to 72,000 in 1961, recovering gradually to 93,000 last year. Immigration Minister René Tremblay speaks hopefully of getting 150,000 new arrivals this year, but the 1964 showing to date suggests we'll be lucky to get 120,000.

By this, we're short-changing ourselves, for people are wealth. This is clearly the case with nations like Britain and Japan. They have few natural resources, but their big populations have enabled them to build big industrial systems fed with raw materials from other countries.

Canadians can see the same thing closer to home. Why do Ontario and Quebec have the greater part of Canada's industry? Not because they have the greater part of Canada's natural resources—western and eastern Canada have immense resources too—but because they have the greater part of Canada's population. Each of the two central provinces has more people in it than live in the whole of western Canada.

What sort of province would British Columbia be if, like Ontario, it had six and a half million people? How would Manitobans fare if, as with Quebec, there were five and a half million of them? What would it mean to the Atlantic provinces if they had a substantial influx of immigrants from other countries? Fewer young people would leave these provinces for central Canada, and fewer would leave for the U.S.

Underpopulated as it is, underdeveloped as it is, Canada still is one of the world's richest nations. It has ample room and ample opportunity for those who wish to share in—and add to—its riches.

Perhaps, as some have said, Canada could support fifty million people. Perhaps it could support more.

What is certain is that Canada could and should support a lot more people than we do today. What is certain is that until we do, we'll be digging coal and ore for the industrial advancement of other nations. What is certain is that we need a continuing policy of large-scale immigration, designed for the industrial advancement of Canada itself.



"Wanna trade?"

Frogs, comic books, butterflies, bottle tops—you name it, children will try to trade it. No one has to tell them. They know instinctively that trade is important. Only later do they find out how important. It's the difference between being rich and poor, weak or strong, employed or unemployed. Trade is at the hub of everything we enjoy. Trade is one of the reasons Ontario is called the Province of Opportunity.

Trade is the key to the future opportunity, too—trade beyond our national borders. Now, more than ever, Ontario must sell to the world.

All of us have a job to do. We must see that our consumer products continue to meet or exceed the highest standards of foreign buyers. We must encourage Ontario industry to manufacture for export. And we must lend our support to the individuals and organizations who work to broaden our overseas markets.

The climate is right for trade expansion. Individual enterprise and initiative can reap a rich harvest. And every dollar we earn through exports is a dollar invested in a confident future for our children.

'Wanna trade? You bet we want to trade!

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT TRADE CRUSADE



¡PLAYAS!

In Spain a bench is 300 miles of golden white sand ¡Playas! Beaches! Just one more reason people are falling in love with Spain.

Spain greets the warm blue Mediterranean Sea with the Costa Brava, the Costa Blanca and the Costa del Sol.

These three stunning lengths of Spain's southern coast add up to more hundred miles of beaches. Deep golden white sands court them the warm water plays at their feet and the kindly Spanish sun shines upon them from March until November. Indeed on the Costa del Sol as its name suggests you can bask and swim the whole year round.

If 300 miles of beach is still not enough for you there are still more on Spain's magnificent Atlantic seaboard. Here sandy beaches stretch out to warm seas interrupted only by lush green rias—river banks reminiscent of fjords.

The lovely Balearic Islands have yet more magnificent beaches. They lie just 150 miles south of Barcelona and you can reach them easily by air from almost every major European city. Another place for perfect weather is the Canary Islands. Here it is spring all year round and warm enough for swimming. The beaches slope down from a fantastic melange of volcanic caves and verdant valleys into a miracle of clear lagoons and sheltered sands.

Wherever you travel in Spain you'll enjoy her fine modern resort hotels and modern transportation systems. And you'll enjoy fresh new prices that will suggest another good reason why so many people are falling in love with Spain.

Make Madrid the very center of Spain your starting point for basking in Spain. You are within a few short hours of countless lovely sea and inland resorts within easy driving distance of Spain's many glorious castles and in one of the most beautiful and thriving cities in Europe.

Visit Spain this year. For colorful travel brochures write to the Spanish National Tourist Office or contact your Travel Agent. There are convenient flights to Spain from Toronto or you can join one of the direct daily flights to Madrid from New York and relax in the beautiful Paradise of Spain at the World's Fair.

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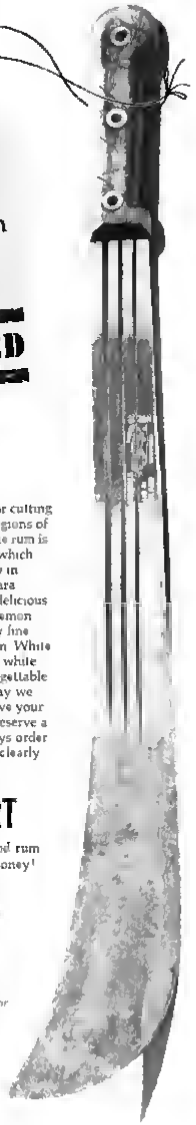
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MACLEAN'S

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

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3. SHELTER

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yet costs less than any of them

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says Barbara Bower.

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MAILBAG

Why women should work
United giving is best
This unknown country

Apropos your recent article *The Second Revolt Of Modern Women* (July 25) there is one obvious but overlooked fact that underlies the search for career fulfillment on the part of emancipated women. Obviously most women, like most men, will perform routine workaday jobs the main fulfillment of which is the weekly pay cheque. Very few people possess the education and talent needed for a really rewarding profession. However even a dirtdigger who is employed gainfully can know the pride of saying, "I am a self-supporting person. I don't have to depend upon anyone for my needs." Paying one's own way in life is a part of responsible adulthood and carries with it appropriate status in our society. I see no reason that women should be exempted from this form of self reliance, save perhaps the fact that some men might like to preserve the valued status "breadwinner" for themselves. Women who are not fully occupied with small children should be working for the same reasons that men work: to raise their standard of living and to gain the respect in society that is accorded only to people who are participating and whose participation is recognized in the form of remuneration for their services. — MRS. C. MORRIS, MONTREAL.

The case for the united way

The view of Dr. Gordon Bates (*United Appeals Hurt Our Best Charities*, August 8) that national health organizations are hampered by involvement in United Appeals concerns Canada's contributing public, voluntary agency leaders and legions of united-campaign volunteers. He claimed that voluntary health organizations stand apart from other human-service organizations. This contradicts the concept of community services held by the vast majority of united-campaign leaders. Also relevant is the strong and proven preference of the contributing public for the orderly united way of giving rather than the chaos of separate campaigns. Even in the national health field with which Dr. Bates is most familiar, there are now more than twenty five organizations. Dr. Bates asserts that health agencies are usually passed over by local budget committees, often receiving inadequate support. The record of united allocations does not substantiate such a view. Actually every agency has the same opportunity to interpret its program and present its budgetary case. Dr. Bates maintains that national health organizations identified with united funds, tend to lose the enthusiasm of volunteers, also that united appeals are too impersonal. However Chests and Funds exist and succeed because of personally involved volunteers. Moreover the programs and projects of agencies are the main generators of volunteer enthusiasm, not over and over again campaigning for money. If its volunteers fade away, an agency's worth and purpose must bear close examination. Dr. Bates cites the growing role of government in health and welfare. However evidence abounds that the generosity of the public will continue to be relied upon to provide many community services that Canadians now consider essential. The modern Chest or Fund developed from the recognition that the community needs both private opinion support. Multiplicity of agencies caused contributors to think for the most sensible, and efficient system yet devised for voluntary financing—the united campaign. — R. H. ROBINSON, CHAIRMAN, TORONTO CITY FUNDS AND COUNCILS OF CANADA.

What is Saskatchewan?

Leo B. Porter of New York City says that the United States is too busy with internal problems to "take over Canada" (*Mailbag*, August 8). I think he has hit the nail on the head. This is exactly why Canadians are at times resentful of their southern neighbors. We have no desire to be "taken over" by anyone. I have traveled briefly in nine states of the United States and I've been appalled by the Americans' lack of knowledge of Canada. (Nothing brings out nationalism more than to encounter people a very short distance south who do not even know what Saskatchewan is!) Perhaps it is our fault. Maybe we should jump on the bandwagon and show our American neighbors that the country north of them is indeed inhabited and at least partly civilized! — MRS. DONNA E. TURK, MOOSE JAW, SASK.



What became of "Glad"?

Re *Butterball's Roster Of Big-Leaguers* (August 22). I enjoyed reading the article especially about my old friend Bob Emslie. On the other hand I was amazed that your article did not include John Gladstone Graney, a St. Thomas boy who started as a left fielder with the Cleveland Indians, playing for them for ten or fifteen years. Jack Graney, known in St. Thomas as "Glad" Graney, is now living retired in Bowling Green near

continued on page 92



Ceiling beams and wall — P&L Tonetic Wood Stain and "38" Pale Trim Varnish on wall and ceiling — Vaglex Flat Wall Finish; Basecoat — Cello-Tone Satin in matching colour; floor — VARMOR Satin.

Pratt & Lambert wood finishes enhance the charm of this friendly room

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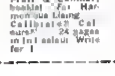
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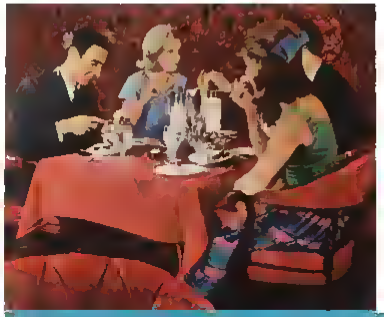
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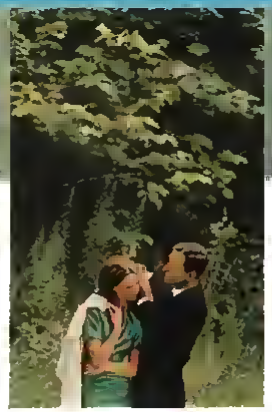


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Centre: the 1965 Beaumont Sport Deluxe Coupe ... all the elegance, glamour and dash that style conscious people could wish for ... at a down right sensible price

Bottom left: new style rear end with extra wide taillights

Bottom right: new die-cast grille with new air slat bumper

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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OUR DOUBLE IMAGE OF THE NORTH

THE VISION

... could show plans of recent many deal ... ts, a prospering population of whites, ... s and Eskimos on equal footing, enjoying the rich fruits of untold natural resources



... k, 550 ... dians ... plan ... Davis cares ... towns ... water ... been ... service

THE REALITY



Aklavik ... short ... k, ... replace — but ... the ... ve ... ing

BY BLAIR FRASER

IN THE PAST DOZEN YEARS the Canadian government has poured hundreds of millions of dollars into its Arctic and sub-Arctic regions to pay for various versions of politicians' "visions of the north." In 1962, the last year for which figures are complete, twenty-two government departments and agencies with four thousand resident (and subsidized) civil servants spent sixty-two millions in the Yukon and Northwest Territories and took in only thirteen millions in revenue. (In the Yukon the Unemployment Insurance Commission paid out fifty-four thousand dollars, took in fifty dollars. In the NWT two of the three millions of revenue to Northern Affairs was from the sale of beer and liquor.)

Taxpayers have not protested this colossal outlay for a meagre return; nor has the government indicated any intention to abandon or even reduce its efforts. This is a long-range program aimed partly at discovery of new wealth, but primarily at the rescue of Canada's primitive people, Eskimo and Indian, from the Stone Age and their introduction to the twentieth century. What's new is that lately (for the first time, strangely enough) a hard look is being taken at results achieved so far, and a hard question asked: what exactly have we got, and what may we reasonably hope to get, for these massive expenditures? With approximately one civil servant for every ten people living in the area, what is being done for them? What is the ultimate end in view, and when may we expect it to arrive?

Canada's considerable investment in money and manpower has brought the north dozens of new schools, many hospitals and nursing stations, airstrips and gravel roads, and a sprinkling of almost-modern communities to house the four thousand civil servants and their families. The intention of Operation Northland has been to create new employment for Eskimos and Indians.

It is too soon to say these programs have failed — but they have certainly not succeeded. Today's reality is a far cry from the most publicized of the visions of revolutionary developments in the north, that of John Diefenbaker.

Indeed Arthur Laing, the present minister of Northern Affairs,

continued on page 78

The south may be bored with it, but

THE NORTH JUST WON'T GO AWAY

To southern Canadians, the north is a distant nowhere and a bother, this Churchill newspaper editor charges. So northerners put up with absentee rule, unsuitable clothing, transportation and housing, and inadequate medical care. Worst of all, there's no research centre to find what the north needs and deserves BY W. E. SENIOR

MANY MAPS even the latest Britannica World Atlas leave out sections of Canada's Arctic and sub-Arctic. Most insulting to us who live in northernmost Manitoba, our own government's tourist and travel map crops off the top one hundred and eighteen miles of the province, thus denying the existence of its only seaport, Churchill, plus some thousands of square miles of rugged but potentially rich outdoors.

The southerners who rule us have an explanation for this, to them at the top of division of course to include the whole province would make the map's scale so small that nobody could read the place names. Maybe that's a valid reason, but somehow the bureaucrats have never quite been able to convince us that there isn't something Freudian in the omission — a hope that if this pretended the north didn't exist it might quietly go away and stop bothering them. In my case the map's tampering is only a sort of symbol of the numerous sins of omission and commission that the southern governments in Winnipeg and Ottawa (to say nothing of the financial governments of Toronto and Montreal) have been committing against the northland for too many years.

Because it is very large and very formidable the north serves as a handy conversation piece in the south, a great subject about which to conjure political visions and impressive predictions. But relatively little intelligent, cohesive planning and effort by southern decision makers have gone into discovering and filling the special needs of the north. Old Arctic hands beguile the long winters chuckling over anecdotes of abysmal ignorance on the part of southern administrators such as specifying that supplies be delivered to northern points by ship in January, or sending freezable goods in unheated compartments.

A mystery that still intrigues and baffles northerners is how a Canadian professor of zoology in a 1955 report arrived at the conclusion that the waters of the eastern Arctic were virtually a marine desert. Perhaps he merely repeated the findings of "experts" aboard a trawler the Canadian government chartered in 1930 to investigate the fish population of Hudson Bay. With incredible ineptitude they fished a whole season without bringing up a single commercial fish — in waters that every northerner knows teem with cod, salmon, capelin, eiscoes, herring, sturgeon and Arctic char, to say nothing of seals, whales and other marine mammals. To this day not one commercial fishing vessel is harvesting the bounty of Hudson Bay on a regular basis, presumably because of the official records the fish don't exist.

The Arctic char, one of the world's great delicacies, had practically to force itself on the attention of southerners and only very recently has a small beginning been made in exploiting the southern market. Another southern misconception about the north is that it is devoid of home-grown foods except perhaps seal meat and whale blubber. Knowing northerners are happily aware that a salmon or char steak smothered in Arctic mushrooms served with Arctic berry sauce and Arctic crabapple wine is far more than a satisfying meal — it's a unique experience in gourmet eating.

(In any case there's nothing wrong with seal and whale meat, as Eric Hoffman, of the Industrial Division of the federal Department of Northern Affairs, hopes to prove. Hoffman, a recent government man of action, spent last summer at Whale Cove, north of Churchill, experimenting with the canning of twenty different varieties of whale and seal meat for home consumption and export.)

This past summer, white northerners got a wry smile (but the natives were merely puzzled) by the flag debate, and especially the argument that the maple leaf is symbolic of Canada. The debaters forget — if they ever knew — that in one third of Canada the maple leaf is about as symbolic as a coconut palm, for the simple reason that there are no maple trees in their area. In fact, no trees.

There are, however, more materialistic reasons for northerners to feel that they are not taken into account by the rest of Canada. Almost everything we use has been designed for southern conditions and haphazardly "winterized" for the north.

We have to rely on automobiles designed in the United States and European countries and slightly modified for use by southern Canadians. These low-slung vehicles get stuck in a few inches of snow and require paved highways — a rarity in the north — to be practical. Their door handles, locks, ignition switches and dash controls — even steering wheels — are not designed for people wearing bulky cold-weather clothing.

In most cars today the engine must remain running for the heater to work, so if the engine quits the passengers are facing

continued on page 87



HOW WEALTHY SPORTSMEN ARE PLUNDERING OUR LAST FRONTIER

Right now, Tree River is the hottest spot in North America for the spare-no-expense angler. It's also the most fiercely abused. As such, it's a shameful symbol of what we're allowing to happen to our fastest-growing Arctic industry BY HARRY BRUCE

Story begins overleaf



Most anglers on fishing's last frontier, like the Chicagoans above, fly in from the U S They may range from retired generals to politicians, but all have just one thought—catch fish, the more the better Below, a giant gas cache needed to supply the camp at Great Bear Lake



CONTINUED

A NOVICE CAN TAKE 1,000 POUNDS OF FISH IN A DAY

TREE RIVER is a cold green stream that drops down across the Arctic Circle from Keglekayig Lake and through a hundred miles of extraordinarily bitter country to Coronation Gulf Coppermine is eighty miles to the west Bathurst Inlet is a hundred and twenty miles to the east and just across the salt water to the north lie the ice fields and Victoria Island There are no trees anywhere near the lower reaches of the Tree River — only raw cruel little hills Until very recently it was as little known in the south as the Dismal Lakes or Jenny Lind Island or any of hundreds of other Arctic places that have never meant much to anyone but the lonely and threatened men who named them a long time ago

But if you had spent last summer on the Tree at a spot just below a waterfall about fifteen miles upstream you would have been part of a fantastic and sometimes heavy adventure There in the middle of the world's most remote wilderness you'd have come across several hundred well fleshed perfectly equipped and wildly enthusiastic sport fishermen "It's like opening day of the trout season in Vermont" says a Northern Affairs official "It's so bad that a fellow from Fisheries was snagged in the arm just walking along the riverbank These sportsmen and some local Mounties and Eskimos were well on their way to killing every Arctic char in the Tree River The anglers and the Tree are symbolic of everything that's suddenly begun to go well for tourism in the Northwest Territories and of everything that could just as suddenly go horribly wrong.

Tree River is the hottest — and perhaps most fiercely abused — fishing spot in North America Every fine day all summer charter planes drop loads of anglers, panting after gigantic char on the banks of the Tree The planes come from Coppermine from the big new fishing camps on Great Bear Lake and from Yellowknife where at least two dozen are available for charter The sportsmen come almost exclusively from the United States Some are retired generals or politicians Some are corporation executives who fly as far as Yellowknife in company planes Others are plain millionaires who get there in their own planes. (A Milwaukee industrialist who arrived at Great Slave Lake in his own twin-engine $280 000 plane this summer brought no fishing gear he knew the lodge would stock the appropriate stuff and he cheerfully bought $200 worth of equipment when he checked in.) All of them are rich enough to shell out $1 000 or more to gratify their favorite passion on North America's last angling frontier — the Northwest Territories

There is a lot of evidence that the hellish days of Arctic and sub Arctic tourism have finally begun to arrive and that in a few years it will succeed mining as the most important industry in the Canadian north About 2 300 tourists visited the Territories during the 1962 season five thousand came only two years later and they spent more than two million dollars In the 1963 season the Northern Affairs vessel *Johan Berent* which ferries vehicles across the Mackenzie at Fort Providence carried 7 334 trucks buses and cars and on one day July 31 she made seventy crossings A few weeks ago the $86 million Great Slave Lake Railway which will connect the lake and the entire Mackenzie system with the south crossed the sixtieth parallel and by next summer it should be in operation

The Hudson's Bay Company recently started a Canoe Peddle Service for people who want to rent canoes at one trading post and turn them in at another And for less rugged Arctic-lovers, Arctic Circle Cruises a subsidiary of Yellowknife Transportation is building a ninety-passenger floating hotel that will take tourists up or down the length of the Mackenzie in fourteen days (The full including air fare will be $800 from Edmonton.) The ship will have a bar movies dances three stinderks shuffleboard and a dining room offering such delicacies of the country as Arctic char and reindeer steak The company hopes to take the entire Northwest Territories council on the ship's maiden voyage next June and one of the things the council may discuss, as they cruise to the Arctic Ocean is big game hunting

There's a strong chance that parts of the Mackenzie Mountains, which are probably the least explored wilderness in North America will soon be opened up to foreign hunters Dall sheep live in the Mackenzie range — big ones Their golden horns are among the most revered game trophies in the world and if the hunters are much like the anglers who have come to the Territories they won't stop at a mere few hundred dollars to land their prey The anglers so far are the meat of the tourist tadestry in the North and at the same time they and the people who serve them are the biggest threat to its future

Five years ago there was still only one permanent sport fishing camp in all the 1 300 000 square miles of the Northwest Territories It was on Great Slave Lake Now there are four on Great Slave three more on Great Bear Lake and a branch of one of these 150 miles away on the Tree River Together these camps already gross something like a million dollars during the short wild fishing season and by next summer three or four more camps will almost certainly be in business A Northern Affairs official estimates that two summers from now sport fishing will be a two-million-dollar business on Great Bear Lake alone Most of the lodges — like Plummer's Great Bear Lake Lodge Ltd where *Maclean's* photo editor Don Newlands took the pictures on these pages — are as luxurious as the best sport fishing establishments in the south Great Bear Lake Lodge Ltd cost more than a quarter of a million dollars to build It has its own small airplanes and spends nearly $25 000 a year just on fuel

For 695 American dollars Great Bear Lake Lodge Ltd flies you to and from Winnipeg in a DC-6 and gives you a week of the world's best lake-trout fishing The price includes better meals than you'd find in nine out of ten southern hotels, a boat a guide and the shipment back to Winnipeg of fifty pounds of fish fillets and trophies for mounting It does not include liquor which you can buy by the bottle at the lodge or a one-day charter fishing orgy on the Tree River which costs an extra $100 To the men who go to Great Bear Lake all this is cheap at the price Most of them are like K H Kauffman a chinchilla farmer from Sioux City who told Newlands that he and Mrs Kauffman are so crazy about angling that once in Minnesota they fished full-time for thirty three consecutive days

For devotees like the Kauffmans the Northwest Territories are fairly close to paradise "In the hundred thousand or more lakes and rivers of the far north they have found what is truly the anglers Last Frontier in North America" a government tourist pamphlet enthuses "Few of the rock rimmed northern lakes have ever been fished by anglers There are so many lakes and rivers that there will still probably be virgin waters twenty five or fifty years from now The fishing in Great Bear and Great Slave lakes is so good that Donald Snowdon ex-chief of Northern Affairs industrial division says "I could give you an absolute guarantee that any of the four best camp operators could take you out and — even if you were the rankest novice — you'd get a thousand pounds of fish in twenty-four hours"

Great Bear Lake is so clear that you can see a white dish ninety feet down and, in the words of the American outdoors writer George Laycock "It gets unnerving to bring back a spoon and see half a dozen lake trout at ten to twenty pounds trailing along behind it" Laycock reports that anglers commonly take three hundred pounds of trout in one day's fishing on Great Bear and that "It was on this lake that I actually saw one fisherman quit in the middle of his week because he was worn out and had caught all the fish he cared to take." A Northern Affairs official has estimated that in one short Great Bear summer the season of 63, seven hundred anglers managed to catch and destroy half a million pounds of lake trout In this past summer there were nine hundred fishermen on the lake

Serious exploitation of the anglers Last Frontier has been going on for only three years but it has been so intense and at times so gluttonous, that it has already created a grim conservation problem For one thing the anglers handle the fish so carelessly — grabbing fistfuls of gills — that according to one government official ninety five to ninety-nine percent of the fish they throw back can't possibly survive The government is

continued on page 38



Fishermen above try their luck on Great Bear Lake while waiting to fly to Tree River's rich fishing grounds Below, a Milwaukee angler and his Eskimo guide pose with his catch, an Arctic char, at Tree River He pulled in five within 20 minutes, the largest weighing 21 pounds



THE GIRL IN THE FOREST

Incredibly, the two men survived when their plane crashed in the sub-Arctic wilderness. Then, phantom-like, she appeared, a strange beautiful girl with her guardian wolf, to start a bitter rivalry that could have only one outcome. From a new novel by the best-selling Canadian author FRED BODSWORTH



The wolf halted with the toboggan. "I've brought you some venison," said Lilka. "Lupe killed a deer"

ASHLEY MORDEN was cold, his whole body felt sore, and his head ached. He could see, but only in a blurred and unreal way, as though he were viewing everything through a gauze veil.

He was in a sleeping bag and there was someone in the bag with him, pressing tightly against him. He could feel the rhythmic rise and fall of the other person's breathing and the press of thighs against his own. Then more ill came with each breath. A pressure of full round plant breasts. It was a girl.

He drifted into sleep, then awoke again. The girl was tapping him lightly on the shoulder, but not speaking. It was dark, but there was a flickering light from a fire burning somewhere behind him. She was out of the sleeping bag, and he could see in a fuzzy, out-of-focus way that she was kneeling beside him. She was lifting him, pushing something behind him to raise his head and shoulders, and the movement made his head stab with pain. He groaned, and then she jumped to her feet and disappeared into the surrounding murk of shadow. He had frightened her away.

But she was back quickly, kneeling and holding a spoon to his lips. He sipped the liquid from the spoon. It was hot, a meat broth of some kind, that lay soothingly in his stomach and spread warmth through his cold body.

When she stopped feeding him, some of the soreness had drained out of him, and his head ached less. Then he was awakened by the girl getting back into the bag beside him. He ran one arm around her waist, across her back, and pulled her hard against him, until her hips were crushed against his own. She came to him softly, yielding.

He wanted to talk with her, but he was too tired and sleepy. When he awoke again, his mind was clear and the blurry shadows had lifted from his vision. Only a trace of the headache remained, but when he raised one hand to feel his head, he found it wrapped in bandages, and the left side of head and temple were sore beneath them.

It was bright day now, and he lay in a sleeping bag on a thick soft mat of green boughs. A canvas tarpaulin was raised on a framework of poles to form a sloping lean-to over his bed. There was a large boulder out in front of it, with a fire against it, and Ash could feel the warmth reflecting from the rock into the lean-to.

He could remember a lot of it now—the flight from Long Lake in the CF-100 with Ron Dorkett, and the parachute jump. But from there on it was hazy. He was sure there had been a girl with him during the night, but that must have been delirium. Then who had set up this camp for him? It couldn't have been Dork, because Dork had gone down with the plane. Ash had watched as he drifted down in his own parachute, and Dork's parachute had not appeared. Besides, there was equipment here that could not have come from the plane — a large toboggan with what looked like a dog harness on it, packsacks, snowshoes.

He could see over the rim of the snowbanks between the rock and the lean-to, and he was looking down a forested slope. Below, almost screened from view by drooping spruce branches, was the smooth snow-covered shore of a lake, and a narrow path, packed with snowshoe tracks, twisted down among the trees and boulders to the lake edge.

Then he saw the girl down there. She was standing by a water hole chopped through the ice, and there was a huge dog approaching her — the biggest, most menacing-looking dog Ash had ever seen. But it wasn't a dog! It was bigger than any dog could be.

It was a wolf! And she had her back turned. She didn't see it.

He squirmed quickly out of the sleeping bag and looked around the camp hastily for a gun, but there wasn't one in sight. He looked down at the lake again. She was bending and dipping a pail of water from the ice hole. The wolf was bounding now in the deep snow and had almost reached her. He tried to shout, but his mouth opened soundlessly. Then the wolf nuzzled her gently and stepped past to the water hole and began to drink. She reached out and playfully tugged at one of its ears.

Now she was starting up the path with the water pail, the wolf staying behind her on the lake ice below. She was wearing high-cut moccasins with jeans tucked into their tops and a heavy parka of caribou skin. The hood, with a trim of white fur, was pushed to the back of her head, showing the dark cloud of hair.

She looked up toward him and saw that he was standing, and suddenly an expression of terror seized her face. She put down her pail, stared at Ash for a few seconds, and then glided into the forest shadows and disappeared. Ash took a couple of steps to follow her, but his head spun dizzily, and he came back and sat wonderingly beside the fire.

Down at the lake the wolf whined restlessly and came to its feet and moved like a shadow along the shore in the direction the girl had gone.

SHE HAD BEEN in the sleeping bag with him again because now she was crawling out, and the movement had awakened him. It was night now, but he could see her faintly in the darkness as she moved down to the ashes of the fire and began cutting shavings from a piece of kindling. She added wood and the fire blazed up quickly, pushing back the darkness with its orange glow. She turned, and he could tell from the startled jerk of her head that she had noticed he was awake.

"Who are you?" he asked her.



As Dorkett watched, numbed, the statuesque, tossed clams to... u the trees, she rose from the water, magnificent and ...e, then she dived again and vanished from his view



Ash turned, following Dork's gaze. She was sitting out there—and she was alone. Lupe was not with her

She jumped to her feet, took several quick paces away, but this time when she reached the edge of the fire's circle of light she stopped and turned slowly and faced him again.

"I am Lilka," she said faintly.

"How long have I been here with you?" he asked.

"This is your second night," she told him. There was a husky tremor in her voice, but she was looking at him now without turning her eyes away.

"Why are you so frightened?" he asked her. "You don't have to be."

"I am sorry," she said, speaking slowly and with effort. "I am not accustomed to... men."

She took a couple of hesitant steps back toward him.

"Are you warm?" she asked him. "You have a slight concussion and shock. You must stay warm."

"Are you a nurse or a doctor?" he asked.

"No, a doctor's daughter."

"I'm warm now, thanks," he told her. "Except my face and ears; they're cold. It must be very cold."

"Last night it was raining, a freezing rain," she said. "But it's cold again tonight, below zero. You must keep your face out, though, and not breathe in the sleeping bag."

"Why?"

"It dampens the bag, destroys its insulation. You could freeze to death that way before morning. If your body is warm, your face won't freeze."

He knew now why she had been coming into the bag with him. She had been giving him the warmth he needed to bring him through the critical period of his shock.

"Where's the other man?" he asked. "Was there another man?"

"Yes."

"I saw no one else jump out of

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From The Atonement of Ashley Morden. Copyright © 1964 by Fred Bodsworth





Living almost as their Stone Age ancestors did Eskimos from Coral Harbour, Southampton Island set out on a 10 day hunt for seal Highly resourceful, they seldom need handouts from the government Below a dead seal s hauled from an air hole

Stopping their three team caravan for a mid day meal the vet eran hunter Nakoolak his son Mark son in law Ningeeoocheak and a white guest huddle by a hast ly built shelter Photos were taken by Ralph Hedlin from Winnipeg 1 100 miles to the south

Helpless but def ant, an Arctic fox (below) stands shivering in one of the Eskimos traps as a sled dog approaches Moments after Nakoolak seized the fox and killed it with his boat Here soys Hedlin was the Arctic at its harshest (Continued overleaf)

ARCTIC HUNT: A CRUEL CONTEST WHERE THE PRIZE IS SURVIVAL











At floe's edge, a quick rifle, a boat — and seal for supper

It's forty below — but perfect hunting weather for Nakoolak and his companions. the wind that kept them in their igloo all morning has died down. Having taken one seal at an aglu or airhole (previous page) they get another here by sledding to the edge of a floe and peering over the frigid sea. The instant the seal's head breaks the surface a hunter fires

To retrieve their newly killed game one hunter rocks their plywood boat off the soft ice edge of the floe. One false move could be fatal for no man would survive long in this water. After man and paddle have won their struggle against the tide another hunter will toss him one end of a long sealskin dog whip and haul back the boat with seal in tow

Pulling the seal back to their sled the hunters are sure of a full supper. Back in the igloo they squatted by the half-butchered carcass and ate meat raw

An open letter to the French Canadian nationalists

"In many senses you have already won your revolution... yet you grow more strident. The things you now need to do are the ones to do on your own, to your own society.' Some blunt observations from a friendly onlooker who has grown impatient with talking for talking's sake

A joke going the rounds in Montreal these days may be historically inaccurate as well as in questionable taste but I think it reflects a feeling in English Canada that is growing too quickly to be ignored. It concerns a Canadian parliamentarian who is chatting with an American congressman. "Well you have your Negro problem and we have our French-Canadian problem," says the Canadian. "Yes," says the American, "we had first choice."

The man who told this to me is someone I happen to know to be in sympathy with — if you will accept this generalization for a moment — the causes and ambitions of French Canadians. I don't imagine he likes comparing your position with that of the American Negro any more than you like having him do it. But out of the points about what is happening in English Canada today concerns precisely this uncomfortable parallel.

I think it's fair to say that most of us here see the current revolution by Negroes as an inspired and inspiring series of events. Which is not to say you don't see it in the same way. But can you imagine in the light of the Negroes' grievances and the ways they have let those grievances be known how petty your complaints are beginning to sound to us — even to those of us who were once in complete agreement with virtually all the things we understood you were trying to do?

I had meant, in fact, to write this open letter in anger. As a reporter I have followed events in your province closely since early in 1961. In more than a dozen articles in *Maclean's* and on many occasions elsewhere I have set out your case as faithfully as I could. Essentially I think your cause is just, and I think you would be surprised to learn how many English Canadians hold similar views. To us, the answer to the question "What does Quebec want?", seems — or at least seemed once — to be only too clear: you want a sense of equality in the country we inhabit in common. We agree you haven't had it, and we agree you ought to get it as quickly as possible.

What is making us angry now, though, is that you don't seem to care how we have been responding to your demands. In our own way we are growing as frustrated at your apparent inability — or refusal — to notice what we are now doing and saying as until very recently you must have been frustrated by our refusal to listen to *you*.

The point is, we are now listening. You are winning your revolution. In many senses you have already won it. And yet — as though the battle had become more important to you than victory — you grow even more strident. Those of us who have listened to your demands from the outset, and have agreed with your principles, wonder if it isn't time you listened to what we have to say, and whether you might want to entertain some principles of ours such as the one that nationalism isn't the most important issue in the world of 1964.

Let me take just one area where your position strikes us as, let's say, unreasonable. You have complained that English Canadians haven't tried to understand your part of the country. Fair enough, for years we came nowhere near what we might have done. But as in so many ways we have made a pretty fair attempt to change in the very recent past.

Today the most important newspaper in English Canada, the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, maintains one staff man in Quebec City and another in Montreal. The CBC (that hotbed, ironically enough, of separatism) spends more than twice as much on French-Canadian talent as on English, and displays easily twice as much French Canadian material on its English network as vice versa. French plays in translation, four English Canada. Most of the important books written in French, from *Les insolences du Frère Untel* to *Pourquoi je suis séparatiste*, are available in English editions. English-Canadian universities, from the University of British Columbia to Mount Allison, sponsor study weekends on French Canada. Toronto art galleries hold exhibitions of specifically French Canadian paintings. French-Canadian entertainers play Toronto night clubs. Admittedly this is still a long way from what it might be. But it is also a long way from even five or ten years ago.

Now, I'd like to ask some questions from the other side. How many reporters does any French-Canadian newspaper maintain in Toronto? The West? The Maritimes? Answer: none. The most important newspaper in French Canada, *Le Devoir*, carries roughly as much general Canadian and international news as the *Daily Racing Form*. How many English-Canadian plays are shown on French-Canadian television? None. How many recent English-Canadian books have been published in French? The only one I can think of is *The New Party* by Stanley Knowles, and that was in 1961. Mordecai Richler, who is principally a Montreal writer, is read in Paris in French editions that are unavailable in Montreal. Yet which is more important in trying to understand the country we share — Peter C. Newman's *Renegade In Power*, which has not been published in French, or Yves Thériault's *Agaguk*, which has been published in English? How many French-Canadian universities have held symposiums on English Canada? I've never heard of any. How much English Canadian art is available in Quebec City? How many English-Canadian singers? Are the facts of our one-way translation system all attributable to the fact that French Canadians can all devour as much of our culture as they want — in English? I doubt it. *Le Magazine Maclean* launched in 1961 has managed to find a hundred and sixty thousand subscribers and newsstand buyers who wanted to read a magazine like this one but wanted it in French.

I'd suggest instead that, while English Canadians have at least been trying to learn something about your world and your culture, you have dismissed ours as not worth investigating. (It may not be, at that, but oughtn't you to find out for yourselves?)

Well, I hadn't meant to get *that* angry, and I realize that even if we English Canadians were so noninsular that we read translations of every one of Robert Rumilly's thirty-six volumes of Quebec history, there'd still be a separatist movement. To try to convince you that I am not writing as a complete *orangiste*, let me say that if I had been a young French Canadian in, say, 1962, I'm sure I would have been a separatist myself.

I would have realized that in Canada as it was then I had a very limited future. If I had no call to holy orders, my choice would have been between working as a second class employee, going into politics or spending most of the rest of my professional life in a language that was not my own. No matter how fluent I had become in English, I would wish for an opportunity to work in the same language I prayed in and had been brought up with. I would have taken deep pride in my province's new government, which had thrown off the shackles of corruption and of a sort of moral servitude to the monied English classes.

And yet I would have found that, even with my new pride, if I wanted a job with anything from a big law firm to a small tool-and-die company, I would have to give up my own language from nine to five. If after all our progress toward self-respect we still had to concede in such an important area, I would have reasoned, there was no way for me to achieve dignity in Canada, and I would have wanted out. I would hope have made my protests as loudly and firmly as I could.

But I also hope I would have changed my mind by 1964. Not because I had grown older and wiser, but because the facts of the situation had changed.



Several weeks ago I wrote to the presidents of sixty-seven large companies with non French-Canadian ownership that do business in Quebec. Since so many of the most nearly valid arguments for separatism seem to me to be economic, I thought I would go to the best sources of facts. I asked the presidents to talk as generally as they liked — but frankly — about their companies' attitudes toward French Canadians. Then I went to interview the authors of some of the more interesting letters. In all cases I guaranteed anonymity, to get the bluntest answers possible.

If I were to say that the replies — there were more than fifty — showed an overnight change of heart from bigotry to understanding, I would be doing justice to no one. Perhaps a third of the letters were tired recitals of all the clichés and bigotry that one might expect in every case: the plight of the French Canadian is the direct result of the failure of French-Canadian education ... etc. Another sizable group of presidents insisted that in their companies the French Canadian had always had equal opportunity, so there was no necessity for change. (In the case of many of those companies, I'm sure you wouldn't agree.) Furthermore, many of the presidents were able to point with pride only to such measures as French language courses for English speaking executives. One public relations man I talked to even announced proudly that his company, which has a large number of French-Canadian employees, had begun announcing job-advancement opportunities for its own people in both languages *this year*.

But — and this is a very important but — a great many of the presidents did offer concrete evidence that they and their companies were changing their minds.

They spoke of new efforts to recruit technical personnel from French-Canadian universities. They spoke of new senior appointments for French Canadians in their own firms. They spoke of the advantages of a bilingual salesman or public-relations officer brought to his job and they obviously realized that most bilingual Canadians are French Canadians. As one president wrote: "In the increasingly international world of the future the ability to speak more than one language will be an important qualification. When the graduates of the French educational institutions have preparation for work in industry comparable to that of the graduates of the English institutions, and because they have the advantage of a second language, they will be better qualified than the graduates of the English-speaking universities unless these latter institutions not only give courses in the French language but also provide opportunities for listening to French lectures in other subjects."

Another executive went even further, pointing out one aspect of the changes in French Canada that has swung the balance of advantage to your side: "A very real practical problem that we are encountering now," he wrote, "is that it is becoming difficult to promote unilingual people out of our Ontario division into our head office because we always have in the back of our mind that they should be bilingual so that they can be fully utilized anywhere in the company."

Things have changed so much, in other words, that there is at least one company — and I would suggest there are scores more — where it is *better*, in an economic sense, to be a young French-Canadian employee than to be an English one. I realize this is a long way from a world where you can speak nothing but French at your office, but it is a vastly improved world from your point of view over the one you faced only five or ten years ago. And I think, it is a big step toward a practical solution to the problems that beset French Canada today — a much more practical solution than separatism could ever be.

There is one more thought I would like to leave with you about the business leaders I have been quoting. As I said, the "enlightened" ones (in your terms and, believe it or not, mine) are still far short of a majority. But you must remember these are men in very senior positions, men who have been dealing with a French Canada that does not now exist. Whether it ever existed — the French Canada that businessmen thought they were dealing with — is another argument today it lives only in their imagination. Behind them, just as there are young men behind René Lévesque who make Levesque look like a moderate, there is a new generation of English Canadians that looks on French Canada in a wholly different light. This is not a result of their sudden maturity of outlook. It is a result of changes you, the French Canadians, have already wrought in your own society. They have. I am firmly convinced, changed our society too, and for the better.



What we'll all have to remember, though, is that the kind of progress you have started is a very slow sort of action. No one — certainly not I believe you — expects sixty-year-old corporation executives suddenly to become bilingual statesmen. It will take years for people with new attitudes to assume positions of deep influence.

No one — again I don't think you — would expect young French-Canadian engineers to be rocketed into vice-presidencies just because they are French. If English Canadians are willing to assume some of the blame, even most of it, for the way French Canadians have been treated in the world of economics, why can't the French Canadians admit that at least some of the claims about lack of technical education have been correct? Certainly there have been a few French Canadian engineers for decades. But there haven't been enough, and one of the reasons for the shortage is that French-Canadian society, as a whole, decided it didn't want to produce a lot of engineers.

Right now, within the framework of reality, I can't see many more victories in English Canada that are left for you to win. Certainly the major battles here are now behind you. Virtually anything you do in Quebec short of killing people, can be done with the sympathy of at least a sizable body of English-Canadian opinion.

But the things that you now need to do are ones to do on your own, and to your own society. I for one hope you do them all. And I, for one, can't see how I can take the blame if you don't.

Peter Gzowski

MARRIAGE IS EASY STREET (FOR WOMEN)

Here, at last, is a long-suffering male's pointed response to the feminist complaint that today's housewife is bored, trapped, a slave to her family and unfulfilled as a human being. The female spouse, says Sidney Ketz, has all the best of the marriage bargain — and most wives know it

EARLY THIS YEAR Dr. Russel V. Lee, a scholarly psychiatrist on the staff of a clinic in Palo Alto, California, delivered a paper on the role of the male in modern marriage which attracted widespread attention and comment. The heavy response was due to the fact that Dr. Lee dealt with some harsh truths seldom aired in public. He said simply that husbands not wives, have greater grounds for discontent with marriage. A husband's responsibilities, he said, are heavier, the husband suffers untold agonies living within the rules of a monogamous union for him, the joys of parenthood are minor. Concluded Dr. Lee: "The man contributes more to and gets less out of marriage than the female."

To me, Dr. Lee's authoritative statement was a refreshing relief from the incessant whining, complaining, moaning and wailing of women dissatisfied with the married state. For several years now, the Western world has been inundated by a tidal wave of articles, books, studies, radio and TV programs, speeches, conferences, panels and symposia dealing with the dilemma of the modern housewife and I, for one, have grown tired of it.

Currently the most publicized of these blasts is *The Feminine Mystique* by New York psychologist Betty Friedan (*Maclean's* July 25) a book I find strident, aggressive and resentful — all subsuming feminine qualities. The substratum of Mrs. Friedan's work can be briefly stated. The myth of "mystique" that woman's place is in the home must be stamped out; staying at home is a deadly bore; a woman who spends her time minding her home, her husband and her children is in a category worthy of contempt; and finally, the woman without an outside career is not "fulfilling" herself. Mrs. Friedan's inflammatory book adds up to a solution call to all married women to free themselves from the tyranny of domesticity and to seek a fuller, richer life in the factory (presumably in the executive suite) of their studio or laboratory.

Now I readily agree with Mrs. Friedan and others of her ilk — the Friedanites, as someone has called them — that there are a great many frustrated women who are unhappy and frustrated. But their number is much smaller than the Friedanites would lead us to believe. By deciding on one, gets the impression that the psychological state of North American women is comparable to that of the peasants and working classes of pre-revolutionary Russia at any moment the all-pervasive discontent and frustration is likely to erupt in a mass insurrection. I simply don't believe it.

Only recently experienced opinion-gatherer Dr. George Gallup discovered that the "typical wife (meaning a member of the majority) is reasonably happy and content with her lot. Her whole life is her family. As one woman explained: "I'm much more free than when I was single and working. A married woman has it made. Such a sensible woman would agree wholeheartedly with the observation made by one American sociological writer that the North American wife is the best dressed, most luxuriously housed, effortlessly propelled, lavishly entertained, painlessly obstetricized, tenderly husbanded and most protected and respected supported and petted woman in the world.

While most wives I believe subscribe to this view, they are a silent majority. Most of the clamor about feminine deprivation and inequality comes from a relatively small group of women who are unmarried or if they are married, have little talent for the roles of mother and wife and perhaps should have remained single. Such women expend their energies frenetically organizing conferences and symposia to focus public attention on the hardships and trivialities of the downtrodden housewife.

The truth is — and every intelligent compassionate woman knows it — if there's anyone downtrodden in modern marriage it's the husband. The sad plight of the male has been generally overlooked because of man's innate sense of gallantry and his more stoic nature. It is insulting and typical that Mrs. Friedan's compendium of female complaints tumbles on over several hundred pages while Dr. Rose Lee's statement (he's the Palo Alto psychiatrist I quoted earlier) on the agonies of the husband is confined to a thin mimeographed pamphlet. What his work lacks in quantity however it more than makes up for in perceptiveness and male empathy — in all of the male dilemma.

First of all, says Dr. Lee because man is a male mammal, monogamous marriage for him is a fiction — and unnatural state. "Other male mammals,"

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Look who's looking at THE MOVIES



Once a year Canada's new movie-mad generation gets dolled up, throws a film festival and invites the world. Maybe it's short on stars, the food runs out and there's a clinker or two on the program. But who cares? It's all glamour, excitement, flowing wine and movies, movies, movies

BY WENDY MICHENER

MOST OF THE audience was under thirty. The girls came in elegant hand-knits with small kerchiefs knotted Finnish fashion at the back of the neck. They wore bangs down to their startling black-outlined eyes just like French film star Anna Karina. The boys had hair growing in all directions and wore dark glasses, just like French film director Jean Luc Godard. They were alert and passionate and they turned out faithfully for Montreal's fifth International Film Festival.

This new movie-mad generation has emerged like the separatists over the last five years. Montreal's first film festival was held in 1960, the same year Jean Lesage and the Liberals defeated the Union Nationale. At the time, Quebec was afflicted with a rigid film censorship, the favorite film subjects of divorce and adultery were both taboo, and as a result many movies were pretty puzzling in the censored versions. The festival's unique sameness that first year was guaranteed the moment it received permission to show movies uncut. It opened with *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and the public turned out in a feast after a famine.

This was just a beginning. Movie madness was slow in reaching Montreal but when it arrived it took hold in a special way. Many young people discovered the great international art of the film at the same time as they were swept up in the political ferment of Quebec. The heady feeling of being

continued overleaf

To host a festival going with fabulous faith was the lead of star Barbara Ulrich [left] — long bangs and outlined eyes.





Elegant women, suave men jammed the lobbies; later, they wined, dined and gossiped.



Lobby shop talk: director Norman Jewison (left), script girl Denise Pregault, Pan



Fran. Jean de Baroncelli, French star Sophie Desmarais, Paris radio and TV executive Pierre Schaeffer and Montreal actress Patricia Nolan trade opinions on the festival's films.

THE MOVIES

First night: décolletage, black ties, secret smiles, tight-lipped judges, and fervor

continued

worth something, of the possibility of "freedom," stimulated a desire for expression in all the arts, especially in the movies.

In the festival's first year the audience was made up of people who just liked to go to movies, but the new generation of moviegoers I saw at the festival this year was brought up on the work of such directors as Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni of Italy, Godard and Alain Resnais of France, and Ingmar Bergman of Sweden.

Some of today's film buffs have even studied movies in school: last year fourteen Quebec colleges gave courses in which movies were analyzed as carefully as the classics of literature. High schools don't have courses, but they do have supervised student film societies — three hundred of them across the province. Even those young people who are not students or members can get a better film education than any English-speaking Canadian can hope for: there are four weekly series of movies, ranging from art films through popular, on French-Canadian television. A few months ago the Cine-Club series on TV presented the complete works (some twenty films) of the Italian director Roberto Rossellini, in chronological order — the kind of ambitious project which elsewhere is usually handled only by museums. Montreal also publishes two monthly film magazines of its own, *Objectif* and *Séquences*.

The Montreal International Film Festival is not responsible for all of these developments, but it can take some credit for the fact that Quebec now has the most liberal censorship policy in Canada. Two years ago the Festival showed Luis Bunuel's *Viridiana*. At the time most people believed the film would never get a public showing in Quebec, because it attacks Roman Catholicism. *Viridiana* has still not been shown in English-speaking Canada, but it played at the Elysée Cinema this year throughout the festival and there was no fuss.

The festival can also take credit for bringing the Canadian cinema — such as it is — to world attention. Festivals are the conventions the Olympics and the orgies of the film world all rolled up into one. Venice had one as far back as 1932, but most of the world's one hundred and sixty-four annual film festivals were started in the last ten years.

Festivals bring the year's events into focus. New directors are consecrated with prizes. Contacts are made. Films are sold. Some countries lose face culturally, and some lose money as well. One result of the Montreal festival is that every visitor who comes — and they have come from France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, the United States and India — goes back to his own country with news of Canada. The practical results of all this international ring around the rosy are sometimes hard to estimate, but this year brought a tangible result for Canada: the Czechs held a Canadian film week in Prague in September, and they bought thirteen of the films for general release, including Claude Jutra's *Take It All*, which won an award at the Canadian film festival at Montreal last year.

A year ago the Montreal festival turned into a double event. Films from the rest of the world were shown as before, out of competition, but an exclusively Canadian film festival was added. In this way Canadian films were able to profit from the prestige of an international festival without actually having to compete with the best of the world.

Members of the international jury are free to go to the films from other countries, but their entire critical attention must be fastened on the short documentaries and feature films made in Canada. The jury undergoes, in effect, an intensive one-week education in the Canadian film situation. Most of the visiting critics and filmmakers at Montreal this year had probably never heard of separatism before the festival, but by the time they left they knew more about it than many Canadians.

Opening night was glamour night, and there were rumors that Brigitte Bardot would make a surprise appearance. The event had moved from Loew's theatre, a conventional downtown movie palace to the posh broadloom-and-chandeliers of the Grande Salle of the Place des Arts, a move symbolic of the new intellectual status of films. Popcorn and candy weren't sold, but drinks were — the Grande Salle is one of the few places in Canada where you can consume alcohol

continued overleaf

Toronto critic Frank Ibaraugui casts an enigmatic glance at film judge Ross McLean.







After judging film maker Gilles Groulx (above) smiles happily actress Barbara Ulrich smiles bravely — he won she didn't Film awards also went to (below from left) Pierre Patry, André Leblanc (accepting for actor Claude Godbout) Arthur Lipsett John Spotton

Last night: winners' grins, near tears and a critic's caustic sniff

and culture at the same time

The audience was a marvelous sight stars or no stars On occasions like this, Montreal women are elegance personified Even the students in dreams and sandals looked stylish all ready to be photographed by some National Film Board director dashing around to document his beloved Montreal with a flyweight camera The lobbies of the Place des Arts looked at that moment as though they had been designed exclusively for all the social excitements — the hand-kissing the busses on both cheeks the cigar smoking and gesticulating

The event itself came as something of an anticlimax. Georges Lapalme, Quebec's former minister of cultural affairs, representing thirty-five thousand dollars worth of provincial subsidy, stepped on stage in dinner jacket and dark glasses to open the festival It was, he said, not like some, a purely artistic festival without any commercial goals (That's *his* story The festival I attended was firmly devoted to promoting a film industry in Quebec so much so that nationalism sometimes threatened to swamp the whole affair)

Contempt, the opening night feature, soon had the man beside me dozing, despite dazzling expanses of Brigitte Bardot's backside stretched across the huge movie screen like some pop art exaggeration of a *Playboy* foldout In a strange way the movie summed up this year's festival.

First because its director Jean-Luc Godard is the reigning hero of Quebec's cinephiles more important to them than even, say, Jean Beliveau is to hockey fans Last year he came to the festival and was all but crowned on the spot Yet according to an audience survey conducted by the CBC *Contempt* was not very popular.

Second *Contempt* summed up the festival's language problems One of the picture's most tedious characteristics was that its players conversed in both French and English with the aid of an interpreter who kept up a running translation By the end of the first hour it seemed to me that *Contempt* had been chosen to demonstrate once and for all that bilingualism is unbearable

For the festival as well interpreters were a necessity The Canadian films in French had no subtitles and many of the visiting critics could not understand French The jury members didn't even have a language in common. Jean de Bosio, a swarthy, sensual-looking Italian director, talked to Saul Bass in German since De Bosio had no English and Bass had no French or Italian

When *Contempt* opened in a regular Montreal movie house the day after the festival's opening it became clear the festival was having programming trouble People who travel hundreds of miles using up their spare cash and their holidays on a film festival expect to see pictures they may never have the opportunity of seeing in ordinary theatres, or at least to see them well in advance of their friends back home As it turned out, three of the festival pictures went into immediate commercial release.

Another problem of festivals, which the Montreal president, Pierre Juneau, faced this year is how to avoid getting loaded with stinkers In 1964, for the first time several embassies were not just co-operative but actually anxious to place films in the festival

India asked Montreal to accept a film called *Go-Down* but the festival committee refused on the grounds that it wouldn't be able to screen it in advance The Indian embassy then offered to send along the director of the film The festival refused again The embassy offered to throw in the male star as well The festival declined Then the embassy offered to send the director the male star *and* the female lead The festival capitulated and lived to regret it *Go-Down* was so bad a large part of the audience walked out a few minutes after it started

The opening night party on St Helen's Island was intended to be a high-toned affair at which Montreal's social elite could mingle with the stars The time was midnight to 4 a.m. the place, an ancient barracks transformed into party grounds with a green and white tent and colored lights, the price twenty-five dollars — tax-free in aid of the Canadian cinema, whatever that may be

As it turned out, neither the celebrities nor the blue bloods attended Bardot remained a rumor and all the other celebrities promised by the festival crash their excuses at the last minute "Next time," said Rock Demers, the festival secretary, "we should invite fifty guests to be sure of having ten But then supposing they all came? How would we pay for them all?

But the party suffered more from a surfeit of guests than an absence of stars The local celebrities just shone brighter but the crush was terrific when five hundred people tried to help themselves to a buffet prepared for three hundred and fifty At least it's not as bad as at Cannes" said one guest practising festivalmanship "There you literally have to fight to get something to eat" Champagne

continued on page 36



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MOVIES

Continued from page 34

Torontonians want to be heroes, said the Torontonian, but Montrealers have something to say

flowed like champagne. It was hard to come by, and the gaiety ran dry just after 2 a.m.

For Patrick Straram, at least, the party was a success. He acts, runs a Radio Canada program and lives the life of a thorough-going film fan. Like the two brothers in *Hallelujah The Hills*, Straram gets jumpy if he doesn't see at least three films a week. [Festival goers sometimes see as many as five in a day.] The films of Godard, Straram wrote in the separatist monthly *Parti Pris*, are "among the few works of art that absorb his whole being — *Phi'diquement Moralement Intellectuellement Sexuellement*." A lean man with a stark wollish look, Straram held court with a tape recorder near the soldier-lined entranceway. He kissed the heads of new female acquaintances, nuzzled the necks of older ones, and trapped the notables for radio interviews as they went by. He even interviewed with perfectly straight face the producer of his (Straram's) own latest feature film, *La terre a boire*, which has the reputation of being a *film a coucher*.

With the world premiere of Gilles Groulx's first feature film, *Le chat dans le sac (The Cat In The Bag)* on the second day, the Canadian or really exciting part of the festival took over. I have never before sat in an audience that was so totally with a film. The young separatists who turned out to cheer for Groulx not only *looked* like the young couple in the movie [Claude Godbout and Barbara Ulrich] but also *thought* like them. Many times the audience chuckled over references that escaped me, even though I understood the French; nothing escaped the audience. Afterward I ran into two English-speaking jury members who looked as puzzled as if they had just walked by mistake into the middle of a palace revolution.

Backstage in the elegant European-style green room of the Place des Arts, Gilles Groulx and his female star Barbara Ulrich, were the reigning king and queen. Radiant Barbara clutched her bouquet of roses and refused to smoke because she said her hands would tremble. Friends and admirers rushed up with variations of "What a marvelous creature!" About fifty reporters crowded in to hear how Groulx had "stolen" his feature film from the National Film Board — he had made it while ostensibly on assignment to make a half-hour dramatic television show. Pierre Juneau, director of the French section of the Film Board and president of the festival, stood beside him and served as translator. It didn't take much to see that Groulx's superiors had made the theft of the movies easy for him and were in fact proud of the result.

As it happened, the only other Canadian feature at the festival was also "stolen." It was *Nobody Waved Good Bye*, a story of young lovers breaking away from a bourgeois background. The director was Don Owen, a Torontonian. He had been making shorts for the National Film Board and was bursting to make a feature film. Well, he did make one, just as Groulx did, but he seems to have had little support from his fellow workers. One director told me: "When Owen came back from Toronto with all that wild footage I would have thrown the whole project out."

Owen also held a press conference in the small lobby of the art house where his film was screened. There were perhaps twelve people present, not one representing a French language newspaper. He shrugged it off. "That's what it's like in this town," he said. Still, Owen showed generosity as well as envy toward the French film makers. "There is no English-speaking film making," he said. "In Toronto people want to make films to be heroes, to be part of show business or for money reasons. Here in Montreal when they want to make films it's because they have something they want to say."

Owen looked nervous, and the great dark circles under his eyes [you could see them because, unlike most of the Montreal film makers, he didn't wear sunglasses] spread outward as the week dragged on to Thursday and prize-giving night.

By Tuesday the jury members had developed the close-lipped attitudes of a military junta. They were seldom seen except in each other's company. But so far as the festival-goers were concerned there were only three features competing, the two Film Board movies and Pierre Patry's *Trouble Fete* which had already played in a commercial theatre.

The promise of prizes does strange things to an audience. On the final night the capacity house was as tense as a crowd at a bull fight. The program began with a film by James Blue, chairman of the jury, about the Negro freedom march to Washington. At the end, when Martin Luther King shouted "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God almighty we are free at last," the house applauded as if Confederation had just been dissolved.

When the jury members were introduced, one by one, there were hisses for Michael Patenaude, an editor of *Objectif*, which had just issued a special festival issue attacking nearly all the French film makers. Their loyal fans were not amused. "If I had the kind of following the French directors have, one English director said wistfully, my work would be twice as good."

In this atmosphere James Blue began the jury's report cautiously. "We have confiscated all the rotten tomatoes in Montreal in order to regain our hotels in safety." Blue needn't have worried. There were squeals of delight when Gilles Groulx was awarded the two-thousand-dollar feature prize. And the less popular awards were greeted simply with silence. Both the company of leading ladies wept privately when the acting award went to Claude Godbout. Doe Owen left the closing celebrations early. "I've got to be alone," he said.

The only really contentious point in the whole festival was the committee's rejection of Dick Ballentine's already controversial film *Mr Pearson*. Officially Juneau said it had been entered too late to be considered, but when pressed late one night he said: "I'll tell you straight. We had the impression that we were being used as a political football. All the time Ballentine was still negotiating with the CBC to have it shown." And as an afterthought: "I can understand Mr. Pearson's point of view."

But one of Juneau's colleagues at the Film Board, Guy Coté, who is also involved in the festival, disagreed. "It's true," he said, "that it would have been very embarrassing for the CBC — who, after all, are very helpful with the festival — if *Mr. Pearson* had won a prize, but I think that this should be the kind of festival where politically controversial film can be shown."

Hours later, when the festival was over, when even the festival's Kino Club had closed its bar, a few directors, critics and jury members trooped off for a few more words in a cellar jazz club. And there Ian Cameron, the English critic, delivered the epilogue. "That," he said, "was the most *local* festival I've ever been to." ★



An opening night party, from midnight to 4 a.m., was punctuated with 500 guests.



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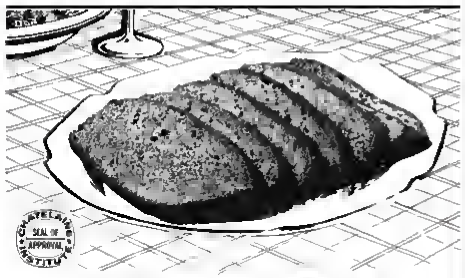
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OUR LAST FRONTIER

continued from page 21

The water's cold and the fish grow small. If the fish go, the tourist industry will go, too

trying to promote the use of single hooks in the Territories since the popular treble hooks do fatal damage to the fishes' tender mouths. What makes all this peculiarly crucial in the Canadian north is that the water there is so cold and infertile that fish grow much more slowly than they do in the south. George Laycock, the outdoors writer from Cincinnati, says that the lake trout in Great Bear Lake spawn only every third year and weigh only two pounds when they're fourteen years old. G. W. Rowley, a senior official of Northern Affairs, said recently that Great Slave Lake, which is three hundred miles south of Great Bear Lake, produces only about a pound of fish per acre per year, while the productivity of some U.S. lakes is one hundred and twenty-five pounds per acre.

The coldness of the water is crucial to northern tourism for one other reason. As Northern Affairs advises canoeists in an otherwise gushing travel pamphlet: "The cold waters of the Arctic and sub-Arctic are not forgiving of carelessness and inexperience. Neither are they very tolerant of swimmers and water skiers. The Territories cannot follow the pattern of southern holiday areas and become a general vacation playground. Once the fish are gone, so to a very great extent is the tourist industry."

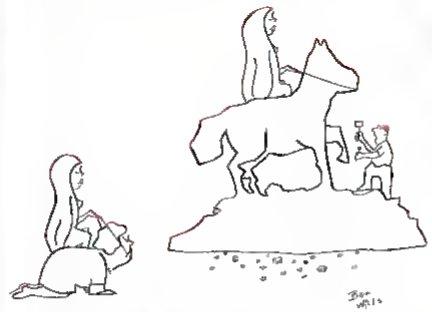
Warren Plummer, proprietor of Great Bear Lake Lodge Ltd., has told Northern Affairs officers that the fishing on this gigantic lake — it's bigger than Lake Ontario or Lake Erie — is already declining and that fishermen have to go farther afield each year to get the kind of catches that have made the lake famous. But even so, Great Bear Lake this summer seemed to have a better future than Tree River.

About a thousand anglers went to Tree River in July and August. Don Newlands counted thirty-five on a single afternoon when he was there and in twenty minutes he watched a mee from Wisconsin pull in five big Arctic char (though the limit is now supposed to be two). The Tree seems to have been designed for rabid fishermen or, as a Canadian Press story calls Tree River anglers, "fish hogs." A cataract bars the route to the lakes upstream so the fish winter, spawn and mill around in a short stretch of the river itself. This gives the young char of the Tree a headstart on the annual runs to salt water for summer feeding and apparently makes them grow much faster than ordinary char. Tree River char broke the world's record twice in 1962 and again in 1963 (a twenty-seven pound, four-ounce brawler) and the stream is now known among followers of outdoors magazines as the River of Records.

Four years ago nobody, not even the Eskimos, thought the River of Records was very much good to anyone. New Plummer has a permanent outpost there and all summer long there's a little city of smoking tents on the riverbank. This summer there was news that the RCMP had been persuaded to abandon the Tree as a source of dogfood — RCMP dogs ate about six tons of Tree River char in '63 — but the Eskimo guides who'd been attracted to the Tree by American dollars have set up permanent homes there and have established a busy little domestic fishery of their own.

George Laycock, who had fished the Tree in '62 and was disturbed even then by other anglers' habit of leaving good-sized char on the banks to rot, found the scene more unpleasant a year later. "Planeloads of fishermen were going in and out daily, taking their limits of ten fish a day," he wrote. "There were boats on the river to take them wherever they liked so they might catch this magnificent fish without any hint of wilderness discomfort." And Don Johnson of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, writing about his

continued on page 40





girl with a secret

destination

in about one hour, this young lady will cover her typewriter and quit her job—for two wonderful weeks of holiday fun in *who* knows *where*! Perhaps she'll go sun-bathing and surfing somewhere in the Caribbean—go shopping on the incomparable Champs Elysées in Paris—ski in the Rockies or relax at a resort in the Laurentians! Winter, summer, spring or fall, it could be any time, it could be any where. You've got a world-wide choice of *where* and *when*, when you fly AIR CANADA to your secret dream destination. Too costly for you to fly? Relax. You'll be wide-eyed with surprise at how nicely the cost of your AIR CANADA vacation fits a girl's budget.

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first trip in the Tree said. "Huge red slabs of char hung from poles drying. The offal from this operation, including great gobs of fish eggs, lay in heaps near the bank. Such waste made us wonder how soon time would run out for the fish. Everywhere along the way there were nets thrashing with fish. The nets stretched from both banks while boats pulled seines down the middle."

How soon will time run out for the char in the Tree River? The Fisheries Research Board said last spring that the way things were going up till then there would be no more char in the Tree by the end of next summer. And an anonymous Northern Affairs official reported to his superiors that unless some order and some restraint were introduced to sport fishing throughout the Territories "We can expect a peak of frantic competitive development passing from area to area and from lake to lake and river to river with little left in its wake except abandoned buildings and campsites."

Last June Donald Snowden, then Chief of Northern Affairs industrial division, tried to rescue sport fishing in the Territories from its own excess. He called meetings in Edmonton among camp operators, bush pilots and fisheries experts to discuss conservation.

The meetings, at times were exceptionally frank. "The camp operators would cheerfully slit one another's throats," Snowden says. "And even here, discussion frequently swung around to bitter old national issue." American investment in Canada. "Warren Plummer so far is the only Canadian camp owner on Great Bear Lake. His rivals are a hotel owner from Arizona and a couple of doctors from South Dakota. All of them want the right to fly sportsmen into the Tree River but Plummer, who built the only permanent camp on its banks, insists that if the government imposes a low char quota on the river then only his guests should be allowed to fish there. Plummer was opposed to all U.S. investment in the Territories' tourist industry and he told Snowden: "It's a hell of a thing when a person who hasn't got any long time personal stake in Canada can take things away from it as valuable as the fish in the Tree River. I'm a Canadian and I spend the money for my business in Canada." Snowden reported later: "It was at times difficult to keep blunt exchanges among the camp operators from degenerating into a totally useless meeting."

But finally the operators did agree to an immediate cut in the possession limit on the Tree — from ten char to two. The Americans withdrew, for now. Their applications for Tree River leases and there was a kind of general understanding, even among the most ambitious camp proprietors, that they needed some system of gentlemen's agreements to save the fish and their own heavy investments on the shores of the two great northern lakes. It's just possible that out of respect for their own bank accounts, they'll somehow keep the Last Frontier a fisherman's heaven. If they do, they'll achieve some sort of milestone in the history of private exploitation of wilderness and water. ★

JASPER By Simpkins



"Some of them seem to hibernate pretty early."

THE GIRL IN THE FOREST

Continued from page 23

His food was almost gone, hope was waning with it and as darkness came he fought back terror

your airplane when it crashed."

Ash closed his eyes but he didn't go to sleep. Sometime later he started to shiver. She nodded it at once for he felt her getting back into the bag to warm him. She pushed hard against him so that there was no opening between them in the top of the sleeping bag out of which warmth could escape. The headache was gone and he was feeling much better.

WHEN HE HAD improved enough to begin taking care of himself, the terror had gripped Lilka again and she had slipped away then and set up a new camp of her own down the shore. She had hidden it well in a dense tangle of spruces at the head of a small bay, because she didn't intend him to find it if they were still here when the snow melted and he could begin wandering around in his own.

It was on the fifth morning after she had found the flier dangling in his parachute harness in the trees that Lilka was awakened by Lupe's damp nose nuzzling her cheek. She lifted herself onto an elbow. At the rim of the snow hole outside the bulgh leaned to see the deer hoof that Lupe had brought back to her. His head sank. All she sat up quickly, pulling on her parka and moccasins. She could see Lupe's return trail along the lake shore with the drag mark in the snow where he had been pulling the leg bone along with him.

"Good Lupe," she told him. "We are going to need all the meat you can get for us. We'll go and get the rest of it before the foxes and ravens find it."

BACK IN THE camp where she had abandoned him, Ash waited lonely throughout that forlorn day. He had retained some hope of rescue, until now — a hope that was pinned largely on the girl. He had remained convinced that she must still be near somewhere, that she wouldn't let him starve. That she would be coming back and doing something to get him out of here because her camping gear was still here, in the camp with him, and he couldn't believe that she would go away permanently and leave it all behind. But now the food of his survival pack was almost gone, and hope was waning with it.

The forest seemed to turn darker, more malevolent as the day went on. Several times he was on the verge of screaming, and he had to bite his quivering lips to stem the flood of terror that filled his throat.

And then, when the sun was gone, and the night began closing in with new and sharper terrors, he glanced out through the spruces and saw her coming back across the lake toward his camp.

He ran down the path to the lake shore to meet her. The wolf was hauling the toboggan, and Lilka was out in front on her snowshoes breaking a trail. He remembered her name was Lilka because it was one of the things she had told him in that single brief, sad drink recalled conversation they had had when he was still groggy with the concussion and shock.

"Where have you been?" he called. "I was afraid you had left me."

Dimly in the dusk he thought he saw her lips part slightly, but no answer reached him.

"Are you going to come in and join me for some supper?"

She hesitated then spoke, her words faint and barely audible.

"It's brought you some venison. I tipe killed it deer."

Then moved in nearer, but she stopped again three feet away. The wolf was crouching now, standing stiff-legged, the thin golden eyes glaring at Ash. Lilka turned and made a sharp barking sound deep in her throat, and the wolf became silent and lay in the snow.

Ash could now recognize the load being hauled toward him on the toboggan. It was quarters and sides of meat.

"I tipe had eaten the entrails and chewed up one front quarter," she said. "Nothing else was touched. Fortunately I got there ahead of the ravens."

The dusk was deepening, and she kept herself back from him, yet he had never seen her this clearly before. Her parka hood was pushed back, and her hair was spilling down to her

Continued on page 44





While almost everything else has gone up, the basic price of Esso gasoline has actually gone down

Just about everything has gone up in price. Exception? The amount Imperial receives for Esso gasoline sold through service stations. This amount—about half what the customer pays at the pump—has gone down in every area in Canada over the past 10 years. At the same time, Esso quality has steadily improved. Quality up, price down, that spells better value for Esso customers.

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shoulders. Her eyes were very dark, dominating her face. And even her heavy hooh clothing couldn't hide the fact that there was a superb woman underneath, and an electric quiver rippled through him as he gazed at her.

"Are we going to sit here forever?" he asked her. "Can't we do something about getting out?"

"It's too far," she said.

"What's too far?"

"My home. We can't travel while the snow is soft . . . melting this way. Will the air force be looking for you?"

"They sure will. But it might take them a long time to find us. When will we be able to travel?"

She was studying him. The dark eyes were frowning.

"This is probably the breakup," she said. "If the air force doesn't find you, we'll be here a month or so."

"A month! What are we going to eat if we're here a month?"

The question didn't appear to trouble her.

"I hope we'll keep us supplied with meat," she said. "There are roots and things."

HE STARED at her dumbly, the mystery of her nagging him. Fliers, hunters lost in the bush . . . they were supposed to starve if not quickly rescued, yet this heart-stopping forest nymph could casually discuss spending a month here. When she reached the hard snow of the path, she stooped and took off her snowshoes, then she stepped back and lifted a hind quarter of venison and carried it along the path toward Ash. She dropped it a few yards ahead of him and then turned instantly and walked back toward the wolf.

The darkness was deepening now, but he could still see her outline clearly against the white snow. With the snowshoes off, she moved with a willowy grace unintentionally and unknowingly provocative. If Dork could see this, Ash thought, he would be lusting like a stallion in a stable of brood mares.

She turned, standing near the wolf again.

"Cut it into small pieces and boil it," she told him. "And drink the water you boil it in. Don't waste a thing. Thicken it with flour or dehydrated potatoes as long as you have any left. When that's gone, boil the roots with it . . . make stews."

"What roots?"

She ignored his question.

"You have two axes up there," she said. "mine and a hatchet that was in your survival kit. Get me the hatchet, please."

"Why don't you stay here with me?"

"Get me the hatchet." It was firmer this time.

He turned and went back up the path, feeling his way carefully because it was darker here under the trees. He returned with the hatchet and walked out toward her. The wolf started to growl, his neck hairs bristling again.



As Ash returned with the hatchet, the wolf growled, his neck hairs bristled.

"Leave it on the path," she said. "Don't come any closer."

Ash dropped the hatchet. The wolf's growling became louder, more imperative.

"Move back," she told Ash.

He began walking backward, still eyeing the wolf. She had shot that brute up once before, he thought, she could do it again if she wanted to. When he was back at the shore, Liika walked along the path, picked up the hatchet and returned to the wolf's side. Ash looked at the meat that remained on the toboggan. There were sides of ribs, a neck chunk, various odds and ends, he couldn't identify, but he was sure there was only one leg left.

"I thought you said the wolf chewed up one quarter, and there were three quarters left. Where's the other one?"

"I left a hind quarter, like yours, with the other man."

It was like a cup of ice water in his face. Every fiber in him suddenly tightened.

"You found him? Where?"

"Over there on another lake. Two or three miles. I saw the plane on the ice when I climbed the hill at the end of our lake. He has a camp on the shore."

"Look, girl . . . Liika," he exclaimed, "we've been talking here fifteen minutes, I guess, and you just remember to tell me this!"

"I was going to tell you. There's no hurry. You can't get over there through this snow, and he can't come over here."

"How is he?"

"Fine. A little hungry, that's all. He had eaten all his survival rations. He had a lean-to and a bough bed and a fire. He said he had had survival training and knew what to do."

She was almost hidden now in the darkness, but she was talking again.

"I told him where you were. He's going to stay beside the plane, to be there if a search plane spots it, but if you haven't been found when the ice melts and the plane sinks, he'll come over here and join you."

Ash hoped with a sudden feeling of distaste that the raucous airman would never find him. And there was this girl, to think about, too. If there's a God in heaven looking after you, Ash thought, He'll keep you and Dork well apart. He turned to look at her, but he could no longer see her. Then hastily receding down the shore, he heard the swish of her snowshoes and toboggan on the snow.

She had gone.

HE SAW the small mound of tuberlike roots at the edge of the snow hole as soon as he awakened. When he stood up, he could see the rounded prints of her moccasins on the melting snow of the path coming up from the lake, then the wolf tracks, too, where Lupe had followed her. The thought of the animal standing there almost over him as he slept sent goose pimples rippling up his spine.

He looked back at the grubby mound of roots on the snow. They didn't look very appetizing, but he found was gone now except for one last cupful or so of oatmeal, so if Liika claimed these roots were good to eat, he'd eat them. He decided to save the oatmeal and have a venison-pemmican stew for breakfast.

It wasn't bad.

The next morning it was a fish — a whitefish, he thought — cleaned, and skewered on a peeled stick, ready for broiling over the fire. Now he knew why she had wanted the hatchet. She must be chopping through the ice of a marsh somewhere and pulling up roots from the bottom mud. And now apparently she was fishing through the ice, too.

Early that afternoon, his eyes, darting from shadow to shadow in a nervous action that was now habitual, saw her sitting on the snow hilly feet up, the slope silently, motionlessly watching him. The wolf sat beside her. Ash wondered how long they had been there.

"Hello." It was a prosaic and inadequate greeting in view of the relief he felt at seeing her again.

"You are well," she asked. "You are managing on the food?"

"I'm sure I'll be managing a lot better if you were here with me," he answered. "At least, can't we eat together?"

She gazed solidly and had no answer.

"But thanks anyway," he added lamely.

After the days alone, he felt expansive and talkative. He wished she would come down to the fire, where they could talk normally.

"Shouldn't we be introducing our selves?" he asked. "There's no one else to do the honors. I'm Doctor Ashley Morden, Institute Of Defense Sciences. You are Liika — but what is your last name?"

"It's Frahn."

"Frahn — that would be German?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell me your father's a doctor, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, where is he now?"

There was a brief interval while little wrinkles tugged at her mouth corners.

"He is dead. He died last fall."

"What are you doing way out here in the bush?"

continued on page 46

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DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT DIVISION



welcome

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No answer. What could she have answered? For a long time she had known that her father, for all his penetrating intellectualism, was not a normal man, and she had come to know that few men are singled out to suffer as her father had. When the horror of the Nazi death camps had finally ended in the spring of 1945, Dr. Werner Frahm's physical body had recovered, but the scarred psyche never came back all the way. Hence his decision to enter this hermitlike forest life with his nine-year-old daughter. That had been sixteen years ago. One thing Dr. Frahm had insisted upon: Lilka must be educated. At twenty-five she had an acute and trained mind because she had worked hard on the government correspondence courses that had taken her through high school and into a general arts university course.

Now she tossed a similar question back to Ash. "What are you doing here? There was a cage on the plane, a cage full of mice. What is the air force doing flying a research doctor and a cage of mice around?"

He was sorry now that he had mentioned the Institute Of Defence Sciences when he had undiplomatically blurted: "It's a defence research project," he told her.

"You must be a bacteriologist, then," she said. "If you're nursing mice." And she repeated slowly, eyeing him intently: "A bacteriologist doing defence research."

He felt uncomfortable. He wondered how smart she might be at putting clues together. Surely someone like this brought up in the bush could not know much about modern defense affairs. Yet if her father was a doctor, and if he subscribed to any of the medical journals, she might know a good deal about the bacteriological phases of it.

It was Ash's turn now to do some evading.

"I think this bandage could come off my head," he said quickly. "I tried to get it off but it's stuck there with the clotted blood."

She came down and knelt hesitantly beside him. Her parka was open, and the arching crescents of the sweater beneath were almost against his cheek as she bent over him. He felt a fierce desire to reach out and clutch in one hungry embrace all the feminine warmth that a life dedicated solely to bacteriological research had denied him. But he sat stiffly, unmoving, knowing that his restraining timidity would have held him back even if the wolf had not been sitting up the hill watching.

She unwound the bandage to the clotted dressing at the end of it, then she drew a knife from a sheath at her waist under the parka and cut the bandage away. Her sleeve slipped upward and suddenly Ash's breath congealed in his throat as he saw the red tattooed number on her upper arm.

He asked, dry mouthed: "Were you in Germany during the war?"

She nodded, her lips pressed and pale. She began gently pulling the wound dressing away.

"Where?"

"Hamburg. Auschwitz. Belsen."

"Hamburg, in the summer of 1943?"

Yes."

The head dressing pulled away with a sharp ing of pain. He felt a stabbing regret. He wished it could stay holding her here close to him giving him more time. She was moving back, and in another second or two the opportunity would be gone. Now he was reaching out toward her. He knew the hand was trembling. It touched her arm. She sprang to her feet and leaped away.

She was pulling down the sweater sleeve, covering the red tattoo of her concentration-camp number.

"Were you there too, Doctor Morden?"

Her voice startled him.

"Hamburg!"

"Yes. Hamburg, the summer of 1943?"

He nodded. "I was there."

She was gazing down at him. It was a sad, pitying look.

"And you are still in the same trade, Doctor Morden? You must like it. Only now you are a bacteriologist, not a bomber. And it isn't war now. It's defense."

She ran down the path toward the lake, carrying her snowshoes, not looking back.

LILKA DIDN'T show herself again for many days, but every other morning or so her food offerings continued to appear at the edge of his camp. Ash's reaction was a nonfiction of gratitude for what she was doing and a growing annoyance at the way she insisted on doing it. It was so illogical — the two of them sitting here day after day waiting and doing it each alone. Aside from being company for each other, it would be less wasteful of both energy and food to cook for two in the same pot and on one fire. But she continued to come like a wraith in the night.

After the long period in which he had been restricted by the deep snow to the immediate area of his camp, the snow's disappearance when it came at last was a happy release. He took long walks. On one of them he found a rock fissure on the ridge above his camp that was still filled with ice and snow and he put what remained of the venison there to keep it chilled, covering it with boughs and rocks to protect it against scavenging animals.

Then the lonely enchantment was broken. Dork found him.

"Doctor Morden, I presume."

Ash jumped to his feet. There was no mistaking that deep booming voice. Dork was standing at the lake edge below Ash's camp, beaming proud that he had found him. Ash wasn't prepared though for Dork's changed appearance. The man's hair was shaggy, his face was hidden behind a black bell of beard. Ash wondered with a start if he had a beard like that, too.

"I figured you'd be along here somewhere," Dork said. She told me how to find you."

He was coming up toward Ash. He had a big bag made from parachute nylon over his shoulder and he was carrying his small survival kit in one hand.

"Well, where is she? Some posse isn't she? Don't tell me you've let her escape? Christ, I thought the ice in my lake was never going to melt. But it's melted now, and yesterday the plane sank through the ice, so there's nothing to keep me over there now, nothing for a search plane to spot."

He had reached Ash. He was glancing around Ash's camp.

"You alone?" he asked incredulously.

Ash cracked a knuckle nervously.

"I haven't seen her for . . . two or three weeks, maybe," he said. "But she's not far away. She leaves food every night or so."

"Well, haven't you hunted her up?"

"No."

"Christ!"

Dork dropped his bundle of parachute silk. It opened and Ash saw the venison, sleeping bag and cooking utensils. He gazed moodily. Dork was moving in to stay.

"I thought you'd have a cozy little love nest here for me to move into. I figured by this time even you should have her pinpointed and ready for the oven."

She wants to be alone, so I've been leaving her alone," Ash said. "And if you want to keep eating and stay alive I'd say you better leave her alone, too. I don't think it would take much to scare her off. Then where'd we be?"

A possum's a possum, my man. They never really went to be alone.

Ash built up the fire and put water on to boil. He began silently untying up cubes of meat. Dork talked irrelessly, obviously much happier at seeing Ash than Ash was at seeing him.

When they were ready to eat, Ash went down to the lake to get a billy can of water for washing up.

"Know what I did?" Dork called. "I left my survival kit cap back in the other camp."

They ate taking turns drinking the stew water from Ash's cup. It took them until dark to unload the camp and put new bonghs for Dork's bed. They sat by the fire until it burned low, then they stripped to their underwear and crawled into the sleeping bags.

"I hope they don't find us for a few days yet," Dork said. "I'm in no hurry to get myself rescued now. I've got other duties. I let you have a month to work on her and you muffed your chances. It's my turn now."

Ash stiffened coldly in the sleeping bag and didn't reply. He had not been in any hurry either, but he wasn't so sure about it now.

The next morning there were two whitefish spread on sticks and ready for broiling beside the ashes of the fire. There was also a birchbark tray, sewn with root fibers, the seams waterproofed with spruce gum.

Dork hunched impatiently over the fire, his great hairy hands turning the fish stick repeatedly, trying to hurry it. Ash studied the big shoulders, watching the movement of the muscles under the back of his shirt, feeling again the old fearsome awe at the man's power and virility. Dork wouldn't wait for his fish to cook through before leaving to hunt for her. When the outside was broiled, he nibbled at it hurriedly and tossed the uncooked remainder into the fire.

Who the hell wants to eat? I've got better things to do." He was on his feet, striding away.

ASH WATCHED him go, his slender hands clenching as the little anger send through him. All that day he moved restlessly about the camp, unable to keep still as the fear, disgust, and anger illuminated. He prepared a new signal fire of birchbark and green boughs on a small rock point a few yards down the shore. For Lilka's sake he wanted urgently to be rescued now, to prolong it no longer.

Then he saw Dork returning from the east alone. The torment relaxed. Hope welled in him again.

Been around the whole god damned lake," Dork said when he reached him. "Not a trace of her."

Ash had the usual stew simmering on the fire. He knelt beside it and began adding firewood. Then Dork spoke again, his voice suddenly soft and distant.

"Doctor Morden, I hope you have the silverware polished, because I think we have a lady caller for afternoon tea."

Ash jumped to his feet. He glanced at Dork. The dark eyes were glinted and staring in a half smile of surprise and delight. Ash turned following Dork's gaze. She was sitting up there approximately where she had sat in the snow the last time, her face stolid, doll like, staring placidly. And she was alone. Tape was not with her.

So you're the angel who brings the manna from heaven?" Dork called to her. "You're just in time to join us and partake of some now."

Ash could see her lips twitching as she steeled herself to speak. Her head lifted slowly. A shaft of sunlight pierced the shadow, making her hair a halo around her face.

"I was glad to see you get together yesterday," she said. "Shall I go for your cup or is the birchbark one going to be satisfactory?"

"Let's go for the cup." Dork replied hastily. "I'll go with you."

"You must save your strength. I will go alone."

Dork whispered to Ash. "In that case tools, the damned cup can stay where it is."

"All right, we will leave it there," she answered.

Ash glanced at Dork. The man's face was flushing under the beard. Ash had difficulty smothering a snicker.

"Are we going to start walking out of here soon?" Dork called to her.

"Yes. In a few days."

"You said we'd build a raft. Where are we going to build it?"

"We'll start on a lake a mile or two north of here."

"Okay, let's get cracking. We'll go over and get the raft built. Doctor Morden'll stay here and watch for planes."

Ash was tensing up again, repelled by Dork's persistance. The man wasn't missing a single possibility.

"When we start, we'll all go together," she answered coolly.

"What's wrong with getting the raft built and being ready?" he pressed.

"What's wrong with waiting until we need it?"

She wasn't as naive as he feared. Ash thought. Dork jabbed a stick angrily at the fire, his shaggy brows lowering.

"Well, let's be a little more sociable eh?" he said tartly. "You'll at least eat with us, I hope."

"I'm not hungry, thanks. I came to ask if you would like a feed of clams. There is a colony of them on the beach down the shore. You noticed the beach this morning on your way around the lake, didn't you?"

Dork looked at her sharply.

"You don't miss much, do you?" I was trying to find you to make sure you were still okay."

Her head turned quickly, tilting upward, gazing into the treetops. It froze that way for several seconds, then it jerked back, the dark eyes wide and round.

"There is a plane," she said.

Dork leaped to his feet.

"Where?"

"Far off," she said, "north."

Ash held his breath, his ears straining, but he could hear nothing except the crackle of the fire and the hissing of the stew pot. Lilka still sat coolly unmoving.

"It is morning closer," she called.

"Stay here and keep feeding that fire!" Dork ordered. "I'll light the other one down by the lake."

They had used a section of his parachute to make the antennas to the lean-to, and Dork tipped it away, bundling the red and white panels of nylon under his arm as he ran nimbly down to the shore.

Ash heard it then, the distant hum rising unmistakably above the snapping of the fire as he piled on more and more of the branches. It faded, it came back, and then suddenly it was filling the spruce cavarns with its pulsing roar. Through the screen of foliage he could see Dork down at the lake beside the smoking fire frantically waving the sheet of parachute nylon over his head.

The plane's roar began fading again. It was going past. Ash felt the icy despair shivering through him. They *had* to spot them this time! He wanted to be rescued now. He wanted to get that bastard away from Lilka before it was too late.

Suddenly the plane was turning back, and he knew it was diving toward them even before he got the first glimpses of it through the trees. It was a two-engined Dak; he saw the bold black RESCUE on its fuselage, and he saw the wings wagging in recognition as it dipped low across the lake. Its engines throttled down to redmm the noise, and a loud hailer brought a voice booming from the sky.

"Stay where you are," the voice bawled. "Float plane tomorrow."

Ash stood by the fire, too stunned to move.

DORK DASHED UP, bouncing like a jack in the box, his square face beaming through the beard. He threw his arms around Ash, crushing him in a bear hug against the barrel chest, lifting Ash off his feet as if he were a child. Ash struggled free and looked up the slope. Lilka was still sitting up there in the same spot, knees up, arms on her arms, but her teeth were gleaming in a spangled smile. He heard Dork's breath become a sibilant hiss. In the excitement of the plane Dork had briefly forgotten her.

"I'm hungry," Dork exclaimed. "Let's have a feed of clams for our last meal tonight."

"That water's still ice-cold," Ash interjected. "We don't need them that badly."

Dork twisted momentarily toward him, then stopped and faced Lilka again.

She had sprung lithely to her feet.

"Stay right here. I'll have to have privacy," she told them. In a second she was gone, as though the forest had suddenly opened and swallowed her.

Dork turned sharply to Ash. "You keep out of this, eh!" he snapped, his black eyes glowering. "I told you it was going to be my turn now. And time's running out. It's tonight or never. The goons . . . they find us now just when I'm zeroing in on a target like that."

Ash was cold and trembling.

"I'll you do this, Dork . . . His mind was reeling, he wasn't sure what he was trying to say. "She's kept you alive. If you do it . . . you're a heel. A bastard. You're damned hard up if this is the only way you can get it."

"I gave her lots of chances to come along and get it like a lady. But she just sits up there on her own little ass and makes a fool out of me. They don't do that to Ron Dorken. So now she's going to have it his way."

"There's only one way you'll ever get it. The word is rape. It'll be the end of your air force career."

"I haven't got any air force career left," Dork answered sullenly. "They've been hinting for months that I'm just about at the age limit for flying. Now this goddamn crash will be the excuse they need for grounding me and when they quit hiring me fly airplanes, me and the air force is done. So what the hell have I got to lose?"

Dork turned and strode off into the trees.

Ash didn't know how long he sat there, his body prinkling with clammy sweat and convulsed with fear. But finally he jumped up and started to run. Branches whipped his face. It was some moments before he realized that he was running in the direction Lilka and Dork had gone.

ASH STAYED above on the ridge. The slope between him and the lake steepened until he was looking over the treetops and getting an unobstructed view of the shore. Out ahead at the edge of his vision there was a silver splash. Circlets of waves were radiating outward, chasing each other in widening rings then in their centre her head suddenly appeared. Her hair clinging in wet flaxen strands to her face, neck, and shoulders.

The breath congealed in him as she came erect. The water was a little more than waist-deep — not enough to hide her breasts now that she was standing. She tossed a double handful of clams ashore, then her body arced and submerged in another dive so flunnt and lissome that the water barely rippled.

She was up again in seconds, throwing the hair back with a sharp twist of her head, tossing more clams ashore. Then she was splashing in to the beach. The magnificent body emerged from the screening water — torso hips the skin red and glowing from the cold, then legs long legs statuesque and classic.

There was a towel on the rock with her clothes. Her body twisted sinu

ously as she began to dry herself. Ash stirred in a conflict of spellbound fascination and guilt, telling himself he should look away but unable to do it.

The alders at the inner rim of the beach swayed. Dork stepped out, paused, then began moving slowly across the beach. Ash saw her stiffen and step backward, holding the towel in front of her. He heard her speak, but he couldn't distinguish the words because of the thundering of his heart in his ears. Dork had stopped. He was speaking too, then he was advancing toward her again. She began running down the beach, leaving her clothes on the rock behind her. Dork sprinted after her, he caught her in a few strides, grasped her wrist, spun her around.

Ash didn't see more. An animal rage filled him. He was sliding down the mossy rocks, rolling, clutching at trees to slow his descent. He came up violently against a boulder that knocked the wind out of him and he had to lie, he didn't know how long, fighting to get breath back into his lungs. He heard her now, somewhere below, a feeble, mindless "No. . . . leave me . . ." and then a wolf howl, brief, pulsing.

God, Dork. You damn fool!

Ash was running, fighting the loose sand. There was a round rock as big as two fists in his right hand, and he didn't know where it had come from. His vision narrowed, until all he could see was Dork's broad shoulders and the back of his head with its thatch of black hair. As he came swinging the rock still in his hand. He heard its dented crunch as Dork's head rumped sideways under the blow. Ash swung again, but he was never sure whether that second blow found its target, because in that instant a black and silver apparition lunged between them and Dork was gone, tumbling across the sand, all of him suddenly hidden from view beneath the massive, squirming, slashing head and body of the wolf.

Dork never spoke or cried out.

And Ash Morden never knew whether he or Lupe killed him.

Lupe was up, springing around and, the black lips streaked with Dork's blood, now began snarling savagely at Ash.

Lilka screamed. "No, Lupe! No! Stay!" She threw herself at him, flung her arms around his neck to hold him and sobbed convulsively into the shaggy mane of silver fur.

Ash could only watch, paralyzed with terror, unable to move. Her sobbing stopped. Her head came up slowly. She panted, and Lupe slunk away to sit quietly on the sand.

Lilka was on her feet, facing him, her dark, ever-red rimmed, her breasts rising and falling in a rapid rhythm with her labored breathing. He roared, his blood racing madly. Dork forgotten, Lupe forgotten, all else gone, erased, routed from consciousness until only the vision of exquisite nakedness remained.

He tore his eyes away.

"Dress, Lilka," he said. "Please, quick!"

He dragged the body to a hollow in the alders. His stomach retched the first time he saw the mangled, gory face and throat, but he felt no grief. He spent half an hour carrying rocks and piling them deeply on the shallow grave to keep animals from reaching it. Then he went back to the beach and scooped sand over the great dark stain where Dork had lain.

LILKA CAME BACK to Ash's camp that night. There was no discussion. She simply went to her own camp, picked up her sleeping bag, parka and pack, and rejoined him in the dusk. Lupe followed a few yards behind.

She sat wordlessly, her face pillowed and strained, as he built up the fire.

"Feel like eating?" he asked.

Her head shook silently. He was not hungry either, although he had eaten nothing since the breakfast fish that morning. He looked at Lilka. He hadn't seen her in daylight like this since the first nights here, and the delicate shadowings, the dancing play of light and shade on her features, made her more beautiful than ever.

"Then I'll be up early in the morning," he told her, quite unnecessarily. "You'll fly on with us?"

"They won't come," she said softly. "There will be fog and rain."

He didn't ask her how she knew. If she said so, that was enough.

They sat up almost all that night. He tried a few times to talk to her, telling her it was not her fault nor Lupe's that Dork brought it on himself, but she would say little in reply. Occasionally she sobbed softly. Ash dozed, jerked awake, but he didn't sleep.

A gentle drizzle of rain began a couple of hours before dawn.

"Would you like to get under the lean-to in the dry?" he asked her. She complied meekly. After a few minutes she asked, "Are you keeping dry?"

"Not exactly."

There was a faint little pause during which he could hear her breath quickening and then, in a voice husky and hesitant, she said, "Move in, there is more room here."

He removed his arms from the bag in shift himself closer to her, and she did the same, moving back, giving him more room. Then her hands touched down at the sides of the bags between them. Slowly, her fingers closed on hers. He realized with embarrassment that his hand was trembling. She jerked her hand away and then hesitantly, trembling too, it came back seeking his.

In those next few hours to dawn Lilka slept. It was Ash now who stared awake, still holding her hand, wishing that daylight would never come.

A sombre reluctant dawn finally pushed its pallid day across the northern forest. No plane would find them as long as this cloud remained. Ash puzzled at Lilka, and he didn't care.

He got water from the lake, ventured from the rock furniture and kindled a fire. Lilka was awake. She looked at him, smiling, himself, and her eyes twinkled. It was no flicking as the sparkle of a dust mote in a sunbeam, but for a moment it had been a smile.

"You are becoming a very good woodsman," she told him. And slowly he could detect the horrors of the evening before lifting from her mind.

She could even talk about it now, because a few minutes later she asked bluntly, "You would have killed him, wouldn't you?"

Continued on page 63

BREAKTHROUGH

$E=mc^2$

Einstein



He gave to man the energy secret of the stars

Early in this century, Albert Einstein forged the simple mathematical equation which already has led to spectacular scientific discoveries.

Because he dared to question accepted laws of physics, we now know why our sun has not burned itself out. Cities are lighted by harnessing energy supplied by tiny amounts of uranium. Scientists, guided by radioactive isotopes, follow new medicines into the very cells of the body. This is the way of a breakthrough. It sparks endeavors in pure other inquiring minds in the search for knowledge.

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Ash looked up from the body "Dress Lilka" he ordered "Please quick!"

"Maybe I did" he said "I won't ever know"

"Why? Was it that important? You will be gone tomorrow. You will never see me again"

He looked at her and didn't know what to say in reply.

"You'll have to get a new batch of mice" she continued "and whatever it is . . . you'll have to start it all over again won't you? Because Hamburg wasn't good enough. You must have bigger and better ways."

He could feel his cheeks flushing.

"You seem to have me almost jilted" he said. "How about classifying your self a bit more"

To his surprise this time she didn't evade it. She started promptly.

"Born London, England. Mother English. Father a German neurologist doing postgraduate work at Cambridge. We went to Germany in 1937. My first memories are . . . you of Hamburg."

She talked of Auschwitz, Belsen, saying that her memories of much of it were vague, but there were food parcels she thought from her grandparents, which kept her and her father alive.

"Your mother?" Ash asked.

She poked a stick at the fire. Wrinkles tugged at her mouth corners.

"She died. Papa never talked about it, but I remember that night . . . a little . . . and it was I guess like last night . . . only a lot of men, and no I use to stop it."

Ash didn't interrupt her again. And she talked slowly, with long pauses, for at least an hour while the stew pot simmered and the rugged mantle of cloud scudded at treetop height overhead. She told him of the retreat to the Canadian wilderness after the war, of her father's forest medical practice, mainly for the Indians, of how he had shielded her from men so that she had grown up in a virtually manless world.

Later that morning he gathered up all of Dork's equipment — anything that would indicate to the rescuers that Dork had been here — and he took it all up the hill, dropped it in a rock fissure, and hurried it with leaves and earth. Lilka watched, her eyes questioning, but she didn't comment.

The day went slowly. They heard planes repeatedly circling overhead, waiting for the cloud to lift so that they could find the lake and land. But the cloud remained.

AS USUAL, it was Lilka who heard the plane first that following day. They had awakened to a dawn that was still grey, but with fair visibility. Now it came louder, becoming a roar, echoing. Rescue! But no relief, no jubilation.

The plane engine cut out. He heard the rumble as its pontoons struck the water.

Lilka leaped to her feet, her hands suddenly clenching, eyes wide and round and glazed again with the old terror.

His heart pounded. There would not be another opportunity after the rescue now joined them. He hurried it clumsily, boorishly, because he didn't know how else to do it.

"Lilka, I love you."

For an instant a pale and brittle smile flickered on her face then the plane roared again as it began to taxi in, and the mask of terror was back.

He was sorry, embarrassed. If you couldn't have done it any more graciously or urbanely than that, he thought, you shouldn't have tried.

He turned, his heart aching, and he left her there alone while he went down to the lake to meet them.

The Otter stopped a couple of hundred feet offshore. Ash saw a cockpit window come down, and a megaphone protrude.

Brigadier Hay here" the loud hailer boomed. "Is it Doctor Morden? Wave your right arm for affirmative, left for negative."

Ash waved his right arm.

"Is the area contaminated, Doctor?"

You should have worried about that before you dreamed up the mission, Ash thought. He signaled negative.

"It's safe then, for us to come ashore without precautions? Was it all killed in the crash? You're sure?"

Him, in hell do you think I've stayed alive here five weeks if it wasn't?

PARADE

Airtight case—but no defendant

Two lawyers driving together through downtown Vancouver were bumped by another car. Unlike laymen who tend to forget essential details in the excitement of such a moment, both lawyers began to entertain through the crowd of spectators, taking the names and addresses of eyewitnesses. When police arrived they were quite impressed by this little performance until they asked for the license number and name of the owner of the other car. The legalists turned to each other with "Didn't you get it?" and turned again to find the second car and driver gone.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.

Ash waved his right arm again.

The magnum roared to life and the plane resumed its taxi-in. The floats rumbled against the shore rocks, a door flung open, and a young flight lootey leaped hastily down onto a pontoon. He was an air force doctor. Ash recognized the caduceus and entwined serpents of his medical lapel badge. He turned and grabbed his black bag from the doorway behind him, then ran along the pontoon toward Ash.

"Doctor Morden?" the doctor asked.

Ash nodded indifferently.

"Take it easy, Doctor" the medic said quickly, a little breathlessly. "You're going to be okay now. We sweat now. Sit down till we get a stretcher."

He leaped ashore. He grasped Ash's arm to support him. Ash jerked away.

"I don't need any stretcher."

"Okay. Doctor, take it easy now. It's over, we're here. The medic shouted back to the plane. "Corporal, bring the soup!" He turned back solicitously to Ash. "We'll have some hot broth into you in a minute. That'll start bringing you around."

Ash felt a prickling of annoyance.

"Don't get in a flap" he said. "I'm not hungry. I just want"

The air force doctor stepped back as if his ears had been slapped. A look of bafflement creeping across his face.

"Not hungry?" he repeated weakly.

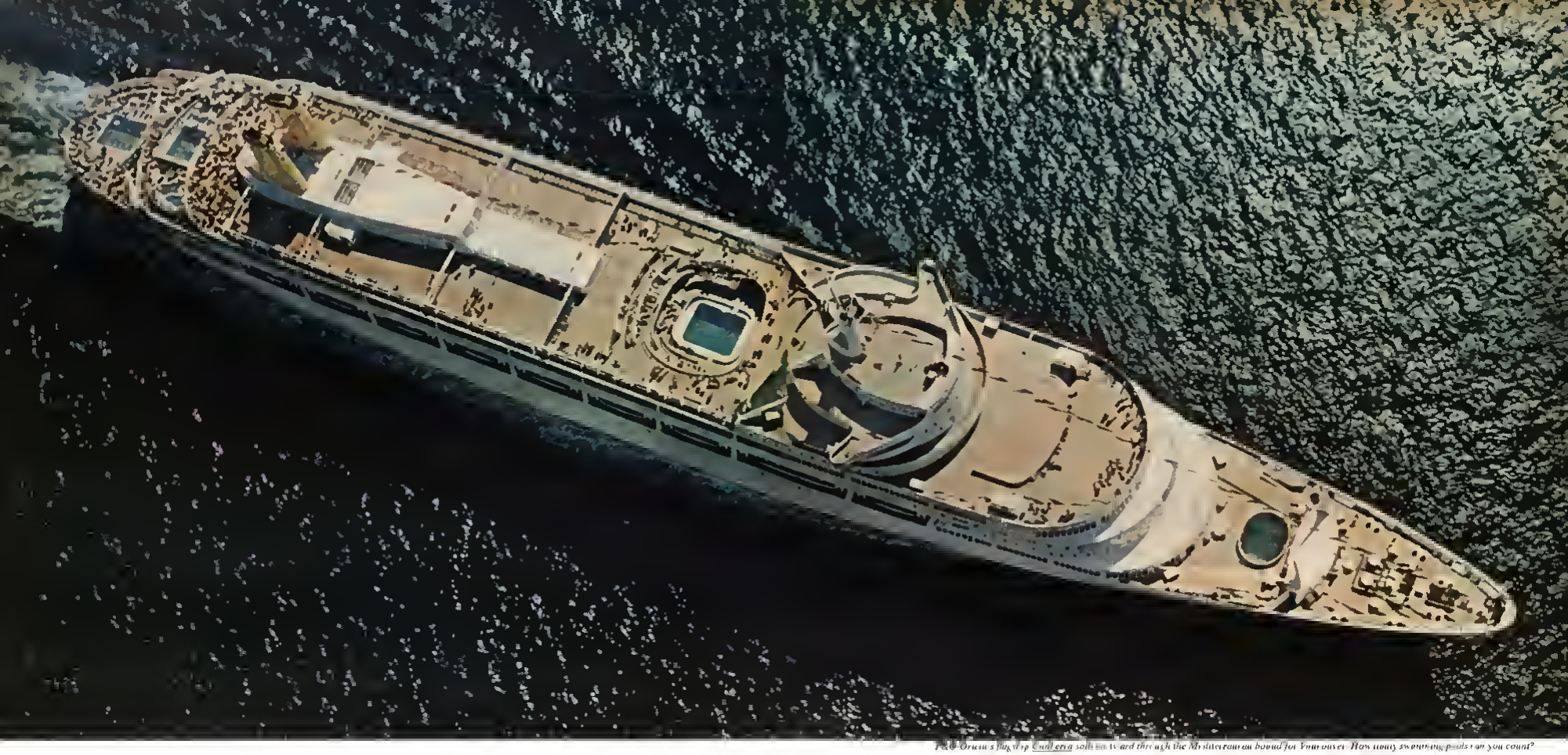
continued on page 66



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It's hard for a writer to

GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by Quentin Reynolds



"You'll never see me doing this again," says Quentin Reynolds. This photograph was taken a few months before the famous author gave up smoking.

It's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that smoking is one of the occupational hazards of the craft.

I smoked for thirty years—4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was an easy way to stop. Then something happened. During a conversation, a doctor friend noticed my voice had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat, soon," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed by what had happened to me that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron and my success with it.

Bantron was discovered by scientists in the Research Department of Loyola University in Chicago. So encouraging were the first results obtained with Bantron that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down. These people did not smoke fewer cigarettes, but they smoked less of each cigarette they lit.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. I had already done a number of these. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But, alas—I had a new voice. When the producer heard it, he threw up his hands. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

My own experience has taught me to believe in Bantron. If *you* have a smoking problem, try this little pill. It really works! You can get it in Canada at all drug stores.

Doctor Meadee, I think I'll give you a sedative, too. This excitement—"

He was reaching into his bag, withdrawing a syringe.

"Give it to yourself," Ash said. "You need it more than I do."

There were others out on the pontoons now — a corporal with a big thermos jug, another flight lousy who was probably the pilot, and Brigadier Hay, tall, erect, nattily uniformed. Ash gazed back at the doctor. The look of bafflement had become a look of disappointment. The young medic had probably been dreaming of a scene like this ever since he graduated and joined the air force — a wrecked plane, a starved emaciated flier needing his lifesaving magic, and now here it was, only a bearded grumpy little man conclusively saying, Thanks, I'm not hungry. He was silently putting his syringe back into the bag. Ash felt a little sorry for him.

"Sir!" It was the other flight lieutenant, the pilot. "Where's Wing Commander Borkett?"

Ash's stomach knotted, untied, knotted again. He had to go ahead with the story now and hope that Lilka wouldn't reveal the truth before he had a chance to warn her.

"He's dead," Ash said slowly. "In the crash. It burned. I bailed out."

The pilot frowned.

"Jesus, that's leecy!" he exclaimed. "I was flying the Dak that loaded you day before yesterday. I'd have sworn the guy waving the parachute down here beside the fire was big Dork."

"It was me," Ash said heskily.

"Where's the wreckage?"

"It was on the ice. It sank when the ice went out. The body went with it."

"Any gear you want to pick up?" the pilot asked Ash.

"Yes. My camp's just up the hill." Ash turned and started walking up the path. They fell in behind him. He was smiling slyly. He hade I had a chance to mention Lilka. She'd pop their eyes when they saw her.

He reached the camp and stood there doubting, stunned. She was gone. He looked around hastily. Lupe was gone, so was her sleeping bag, cooking pots, ax, saw, packsack, even her tarp from his lean-to. Only the gear that had been in his own survival pack remained.

He scanned the forest tracery of green and shadow on the ridge above, but there was no trace of her. His lips trembled, and he was about to call *Lilka, come back*. But the call died in his throat.

Had she been here at all? There was no sign in the camp now to indicate it. Had it *all* been delirium, not just the first few days? Brigadier Hay was stooping, picking up a birchbark cup, examining it curiously. Ash chilled, his whole body trembling now. It was *her* cup, her hands had made it. Of course she had been here. He reached out and grasped it. Brigadier Hay surrendered the cup, casually, without comment.

"Nice comfortable camp, Doctor," Brigadier Hay was saying. "All quite ingenious."

They gathered up his gear. Ash tucked the birchbark cup inside his shirt, because a pocket might crush it. They filed back down and into the plane.

He heard the doctor instructing the pilot what to radio ahead.

"Tell them one man only. No net balance required. It's a miracle. He doesn't even appear to have lost any weight. All he needs is a shower, a shave, and a haircut."

The engine roared. Ash settled in a seat and fastened the safety belt. He looked anxiously through the window, hoping that when they passed the mouth of her bay he might get a glimpse of her down on the beach. But the window was covered with spray ★



The plane taxied toward Ash and a young officer jumped down to the pontoon.

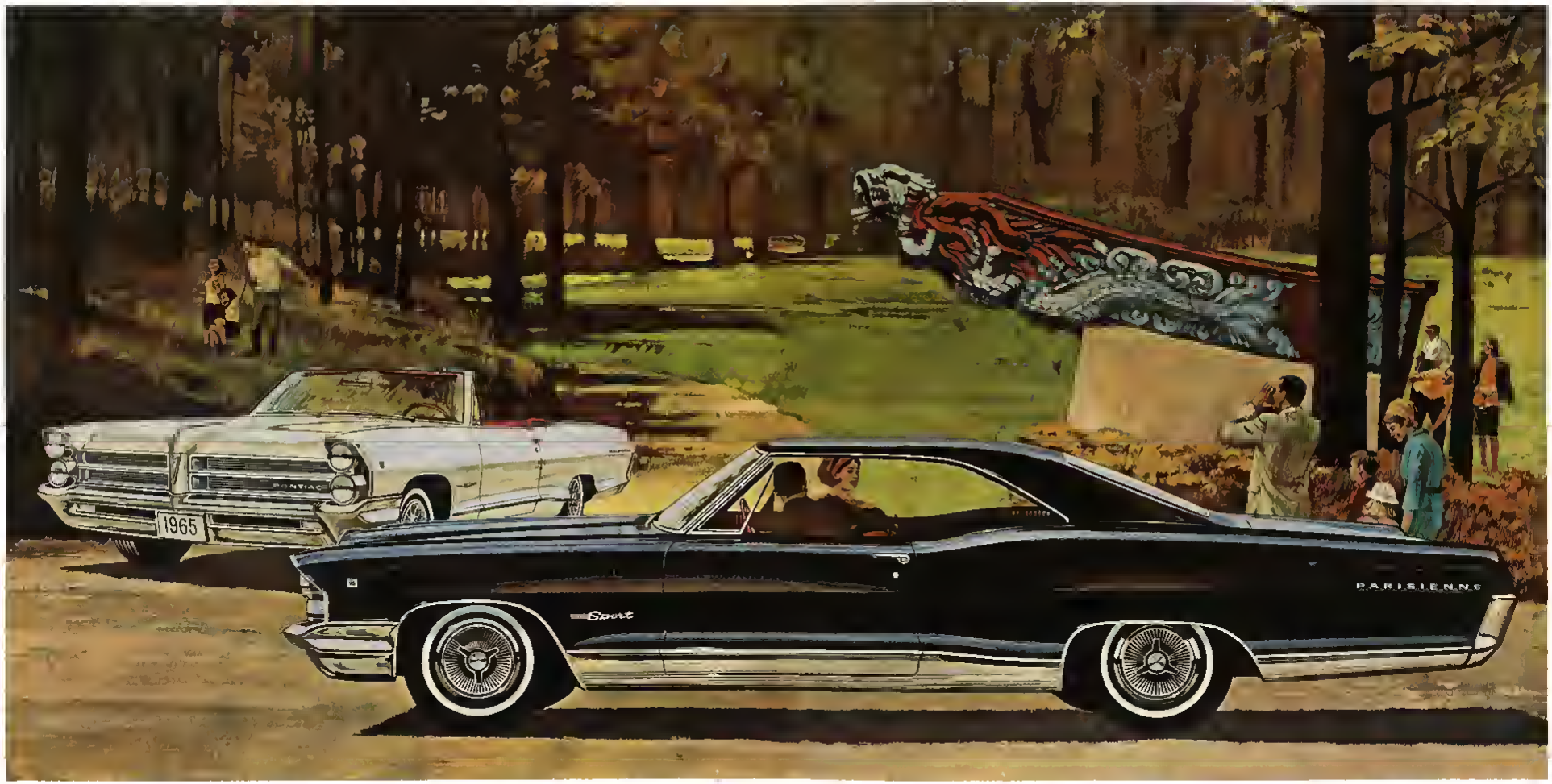




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Norman Ward tells fathers

FIVE *ways to raise a champion non-athlete*



NOT LONG AGO while watching a big league scout watch two teams of teenagers play hockey I heard the scout's assessment of the gladiators.

"That one," he said, pointing to a defenseman who was nearly as wide as he was high, "will probably make it. And that one — he nodded toward a fleet forward — "will get there if he keeps growing for a while. But that one" — he gestured in the general direction of a clean cut youth just leaving the ice — "will never in a million years make a hockey player."

Why not? I asked.

He skates awkwardly. His stick work is slow. And worst of all, he's not aggressive enough. He plays hockey as if it were a game for Pete's sake."

I listened to this eulogy of my son with quiet pride. The boy's performance was the result of many years of intensive but unobtrusive training designed to produce a finished non-athlete, a highly skilled incompetent who would never attract the interest of the greediest of minor league shoebuyers. Since I have other sons coming along, I was glad to hear that I was on the right track. And since at a time when every ounce of brawn is worth several tons of brawn, other people may have sons whom they would like to see grow up to be iron men and adults, it is simply my duty to publicize the rudiments of my system for other families to adapt to their own peculiar problems.

Rule One, of course, is *Pick the right sons*. The precise mixture of genes and chromosomes that goes into any one son is not wholly within the control of any given set of parents, and there's a lot to be said for the argument that you've got to take pot luck. But carefully chosen propaganda applied at an early age can do much to overcome the most unfortunate of nature's mistakes.



For example, a friend of mine with a towering lad now nearly twenty, once reported to me with great satisfaction what the boy had said on his first (and certainly successful) attempt at water skiing. A group of young people with this usual pownheat rope and skis, had spent one whole afternoon terrorizing the cottagers at a small lake and the boy came home with a thoughtful frown on his face. The kids had probably improved more people in a short space of time than had ever been done before, and the father was frankly fearful that his son had had a ball. The boy's first words set him at ease.

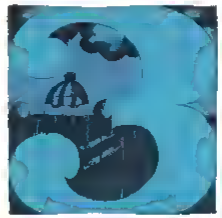
"If you can tell me," the boy began, "of a more boring way to spend a day than hanging onto a rope while water rushes past, I'd like to know what it is. The only interesting thing that happens is that you fall off, and if you try that too often you're not only bored but cold."

This mature opinion — the lad was a mere fourteen at the time — came from a body supremely endowed for physical achievement. But the father, a medical man, had happily spotted this handicap early, and had begun before the child could walk to talk matter-of-factly about the degrading effects of brute sport, which any chimpanzee could learn. The last time I attended a high school basketball game with the boy and his father, indeed the youngster devoted a good deal of time to explaining how with one or two trifling rule changes, chimpanzees could naturally play the game better. Even if nature does you dirt in short, you still have plenty of leeway in which to make your sons over. But you've got to start early...



Rule Two has less to do with the mind than with the mechanics of sport. *Buy your son equipment for sports in which he is not interested*. If your son never mentions baseball and seems to dislike watching it, get him bat, glove and spikes at once — preferably all too large for him, just in case. When you are showing him how to bat, throw, catch or kick, cut. If you may hit him from time to time, but all athletic training requires some toughening up.) When you are teaching him to catch, place him with the sun in his eyes and toss him high lobs.

And similarly with any other game for which he doesn't care. If he is on the small side and football or basketball frightens him, get him a complete outfit and let him play only with big-for-his-boys on the grounds that he needs the experience. If he dislikes hockey, buy him the only goalie pads in the neighborhood and he'll have to play. No matter what the game, the slightest lack of interest shown by any healthy boy can, with time and thought, be ripened into a sincere, lasting disgust.



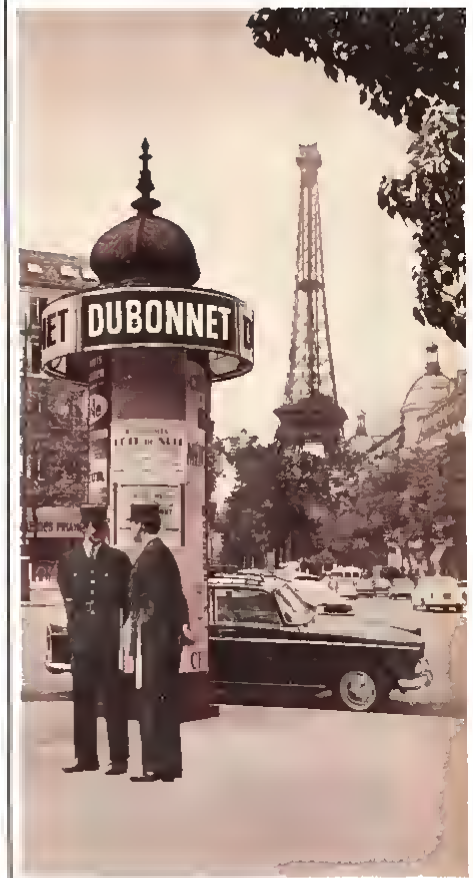
Rule Three is designed to cope with games in which he *is* interested. *Always shoot for more than, as possible, but stop in the stuff he needs*. I have found by experience that in the formative years of a budding hockey player, expect a winter or two without skates can work wonders. It will set him that much behind his classmates in skill and practice, and with any luck at all the school's coaches will become convinced he is intended and never take him seriously again. One friend of mine faced by a right handed stripling who showed an alarming facility at throwing a baseball hard and accurately, kept him out of the sandlot leagues most of a season by replacing a worn out glove with an expensive number meant for a left hander. Meanwhile he minimized the lads desire to borrow anybody else's glove by casual but pointed talk about how the Black Death had spread so rapidly in the Middle Ages because of the widespread wearing of unwashable leather clothes.

As with Rule Two, Rule Three can be modified for any game. You can combine the two rules nicely by arranging that since you have already spent a lot of money having armor plate for sport X (in which he is not interested), you cannot at the moment afford to spend any more on sport Y (in which he is). The important thing to remember about Rule Three is that the goal is delay. The way most sports are organized now, if you can fix it so that your boy reaches the age of eighteen with the skills of a sixteen year old, you've got it made. He'll never be good enough to stand out in any team in his age classification, and he'll fall further and further behind in accumulating necessary experience and in attracting the attention of sharp eyed touts.

Continued on page 72

REMEMBER

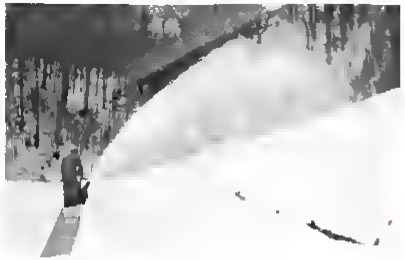
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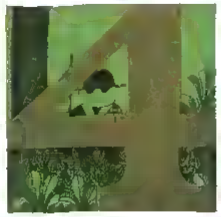


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Rule Four recognizes that healthy boys have to have some outlet for their energies. *Avoid team sports and concentrate on those for the solo performer.* Swimming, mountain-climbing, canoeing, hiking, bicycling and handball are all good examples of invigorating enterprises in which a boy can become extremely skilled without much chance of being offered a cut.

Organization it must be emphasized is the peculiar characteristic of team sports and it is a general though mysterious rule of professional sport that the bigger the team the bigger the organization. And it's the organization that will get you if you don't watch out. It is now almost impossible for instance for a boy even to find a really first class hockey team to play for unless he agrees to turn pro at an early age. But a solid badminton performer can play on mixed teams right without even being asked to do it for money. It's almost being obliged. The lesson is certainly plain enough for all to see.



Rule Five is for hopeless cases. *If your boy becomes addicted to team sports anyway, make him a specialist.* The kicker who goes into a football game only after his mates have done all the work of scoring a touchdown, the baseball pitcher who starts every few days or the hockey goalie who stands aloof from the strife except for the twenty or thirty shots on goal each game — this is what to aim for. If you feel you are losing the battle. Not only do these specialists minimize the normal physical risks of the game — being roughed up, tackled, spiked or body-checked — they can also be as good as they like at their particular work without necessarily being able to play the game at all.

And surely for fathers who think as I do a far better thing than bringing up your son to get highly paid for playing games, is to bring him up in such a way that he gets paid for *not* playing them. ★

MARRIAGE

Continued from page 30

"The average man suffers more stress and frustration in a day than his wife does in a month"

he says, such as the buck, bull, stallion or primate collect, dominate, protect and impregnate as many females as they possibly can." This drive is shared by the human male but because of social custom and legal prohibition he must throttle it. "Blocking this powerful natural instinct is a traumatizing experience and entails a certain agony."

There are also other restrictions in marriage that the male feels more keenly than the female. Since primitive days when he roamed far and wide as a hunter, man has required a certain freedom from restraint. To a greater degree, woman has found her satisfactions within the confines of the home. Today, because marriage is regarded as a partnership of equals, man's opportunity to roam is largely nonexistent. "The nagging females complain. 'Where have you been all this time?' is part of the agony all the males lost freedom," says Dr. Lee.

Another male psychological agony inherent in marriage — which the female is spared — is the loss of the hero role. There is a deep seated desire and drive on the part of the male to be a hero. In the past he had the opportunity to play this role, often splendidly, as a hunter, warrior or keeper of a harem. With the equality of the sexes firmly established, man is a hero no more. "A few smart wives still use the 'Aren't you wonderful!' technique, but this is a pale substitute for the pedestal of the hero," says Dr. Lee.

"The relatively comfortable position of the wife in marriage becomes truly apparent when one closely examines the male parent in the role of breadwinner. The economic pressures on the husband today are tremendous. He's surrounded by an abundance of consumer goods and he's constantly urged to buy more than he can afford. His children require a lengthy and expensive education. Prices continually go up. It is little wonder that most married men are deeply in debt and will be until the day they die. Many husbands work far too hard, not infrequently because of overly acquisitive or overly ambitious wives.

"A woman, not living in actual poverty, is rarely grabless if her man overworks," says Dr. Charlotte Kahn Behrens, a highly regarded German sociologist. "Women have always liked to compare their belongings to those received by other women from their husbands. Even if the husband is already earning a high income, many a wife still relentlessly urges him on. She wants to enjoy the reflected glory of her husband's improved status.

I think it's fair to say that at his place of work, the average man suffers more stress and frustration in a single day than his wife does at home in an entire month. He's part of a fiercely competitive, free-enterprise system. Often he works at a job he

continued on page 74

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That's why you can be sure of fine rye flavour and fine rye taste in the true Canadian whisky tradition, when you buy our Premium Rye Whisky.

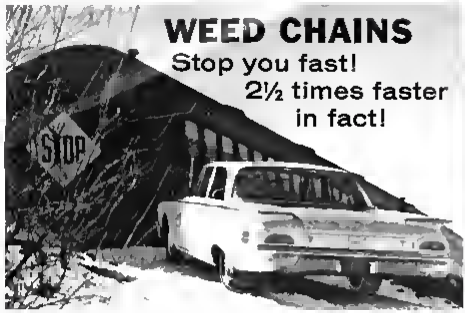
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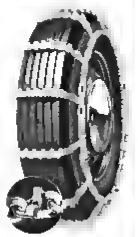
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doesn't like for the sake of a regular pay cheque. To protect that job he frequently does things that he hates himself for later — such as flattering the boss or being ruthless to his competitors. He worries about pleasing his superiors, his clients and his employees. On most days he collects a liberal share of reprimands, neglects and injustices. When he gets home at night he's not likely to talk about his hardships and sacrifices. He listens silently while his wife begins her nightly recital of domestic grievances which inevitably begins: "It's easy for you — you simply go off to the office each morning."

The woman is the favored partner in marriage because of her unique role as the bearer of children. It's true that the father derives some intellectual and spiritual satisfactions from parenthood but for the woman, giving birth is the ultimate creative achievement; there is no male equivalent.

"With blood from her own blood and from substances from her own body a woman creates within herself a living person," says Dr. Köhn-Behrens. "Motherhood means more to her than fatherhood does to her husband." Both physically and mentally, the mother is intimately and inextricably bound to her creation. To feed the child and make sacrifices for him is instinctive and should afford the mother the deepest form of satisfaction and fulfillment.

Some women feel guilty — and are

Many working mothers — even highly intelligent ones with competent housekeepers — complain of guilty feelings because they are not personally caring for their children. Following the gospel of the Friedanites they attribute these gnawing and unpleasant emotions to the "archaic" social attitude that a woman's place is in the home. Eliminate this social disapproval, they say, and they would be exercised of their guilt.

I vigorously reject this view. Many working mothers feel guilty because they are guilty. A mother's place is with her children, giving them love and support — and far beyond the first four or five years. A thousand more books by Mrs. Friedan won't change matters one iota.

In the revolutionary writings of the new feminist movement, certain goals are mentioned over and over again. One is that women should strive for complete "equality" with men. Another is that married women should get out into the work-a-day world and occupy top-level jobs. As one woman recently wrote: "Let's not settle for second-string careers or second-level positions." As the panacea for feminine discontent and lack of fulfillment I suggest that both these solutions leave much to be desired.

From personal observation I don't think women have been made any happier by equality. The opposite is closer to the truth. The emancipated woman, out of the home, is regarded somewhat warily by men because she's a actual or potential rival and competitor. No longer do they treat her with the same kindness, politeness and protectiveness.

But there is a more fundamental consideration: women have a deep-felt need for inequality with men. Instinctively they want to feel inferior to men. Women have always preferred the masterful authoritative, strong man — and they still do. "The truth is," says English writer Jennie Nasmyth, "that women like to be abused now and then. They like to be told, sometimes, that they're a trump. They like sometimes to be ignored. They like to be told to shut up and not to pretend that they understand the income tax end, not to bother their men when they are busy."

According to Mrs. Nasmyth, women can't have it both ways. They have to make up their minds what they want most — complete social, economic and political equality with men, or to be treated satisfactorily as women. A woman, she says, "may not discover until it is too late that she would rather be a man's prized possession than his partner — and that there may be more to be said for the harem than for the Commission On Human Rights. By the time a woman realizes these things, she may have married the wrong man or soured the right one." One of the tragic side effects of Betty Friedan's current campaign is that many women, willing to act in accordance with their true nature and assume a role unequal to that of the male, refrain from doing so through fear of being labelled as inferior or worse still, as traitors.

As for urging women to seek first-string careers and first level positions as the answer to their frustrations, I think this advice has only limited value. Most wives with a high degree of skill — doctors, scientists, artists — who went to work are already working. At the same time, through choice, many highly trained women remain in the home. They agree with the wise words of Dr. Köhn-Behrens that "the further a woman is side-tracked from her basic nature, the greater is her discontent. If she finds life in an office or factory more attractive than staying at home, then the inner mean-

continued on page 78

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PARADE

Lesbian bombast yes, but fewer cavities

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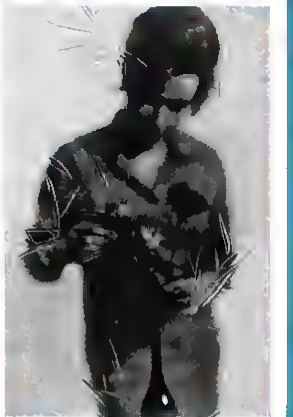
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ing of life has been lost to her and one can pity the family of such women. They consider their husbands and children merely as an inferior part of their existence."

Fortunately most women continue to know their true and natural task to be a permanent and unifying element in their family to cheer and comfort their husbands and children.

In encouraging women to believe that they can compete with men for the top jobs on equal grounds I think Mrs. Friedan is seriously misleading her followers. In general, women do not possess the necessary intellectual characteristics to meet the male competition. I do not suggesting that women are inherently weaker than men...only that they're different. Many top positions today require a person with a mind capable of abstracting and analyzing. "Women lack these qualities," says Dr. Eleanor Maccoby of Stanford University psychologist. "There is a consistent difference in this regard in the average performance of both sexes. When it comes to achievement in science our colleges produce very few women who become intellectually excited by or immersed in a scientific problem or who organize large bodies of diverse data into a new theoretical statement."

What's more, outside the home women are less able and less prolific in the creative pursuits. "A Madame Curie is conspicuous by her very rarity," says Dr. Maccoby. "Even in the field of letters we have more men than women who are productive creative writers." A few years ago a study of four hundred Radcliffe College PhDs showed that women publish substantially less than men of comparable jobs and rank. Half the women with doctorates published little or nothing. Why a marriage or children that prevented them from publishing? Evidently not. The study showed that the women who had married had published as much as those who were single.

It is the firm belief of British author Jennie Nasmyth that it was not ordained by nature that women in any large numbers engage in the highly skilled professions. "Obviously," Mrs. Nasmyth says, "some women's minds are better than men's minds, but with few exceptions able women are not as intellectually effective as able men. Of course by persistent education women can be taught to be logical. But the point is ... they are most fulfilled when they are living with a man. They are happier when they are living successfully with a man than in any other circumstances."

When some housewives speak of their sense of entrapment and their failure to achieve a full life I believe them. But I cannot accept their analysis of their dilemma or the solution they most often suggest. The feeling of being trapped and unfulfilled is not confined to the female sex. It is felt too by the man who must continue to function day after day in a mass industrialized society. It is a society that denies many of us a genuine sense of self-satisfying identity, the opportunity to make full use of our human capacities. This lack of opportunity accounts for much of the rootlessness, loneliness, unfulfillment, frustration, discontent and anxiety that afflicts modern man *and* woman.

For the modern woman to suggest that her lack of fulfillment is all or largely due to her enforced role of housewife I think is a grievous error. To suggest further that she can resolve her dilemma by deserting her home and by thinking and acting like a man is compounding that error.

Marriage should not be made the scapegoat for problems out of its own making. If one wants to pursue that line of argument I think the man has more reason than the woman to be disenchanted with marriage. Most husbands and fathers today can easily think up a dozen good arguments to support Disraeli's opinion. I have always thought that every woman should marry and no man. ★

PARADE

Making light of Ontario Hydro

Ontario Hydro is proud of its handsome new regional office on Wellington Rd. in London and makes a lot of the fact that it is both illuminated and heated entirely by electricity. The people who work there try not to notice the adjoining billboard advertising a local restaurant with the slogan: "Eat in our Gaslight Room."

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OUR DOUBLE IMAGE

continued from page 17

The speeches are different but the fact is Canadian policy in the north really hasn't changed

npoints refers to the north as "a problem area" and openly welcomes counsel on how the problem can be solved. He carries back from inspection tours shaking his head and saying: "We've got to find something in the ground up there." When he talks of untapped resources in the north as he often does, he takes care to note that before resources can be developed they must be discovered — and in Canada's Arctic and sub-Arctic few resources have yet been discovered.

Laing's speeches sound different from those of other days but the fact is that Canadian policy in the north has not really changed. Even before the Department of Northern Affairs was created in 1953 the broad outline of policy had been set by Robert Winters, then minister of Resources And Development. It continued substantially unaltered except for being speeded up from time to time under four more ministers — Liberal Jean Lesage, now premier of Quebec, then three Conservatives: Douglas Harkness, Alvin Hamilton and Walter Dinsdale.

First job: beat poverty

What makes Laing sound different is a change of emphasis. He believes, as the other four ministers did, that eventually the resources will be found and the north become a source of wealth. But he feels his most urgent task for the present is to do something about an expanding native population with dwindling means of livelihood and consequent growing squalor and poverty.

However, the number of Eskimos and Indians in wage employment is still negligible. The problem of bringing them into the twentieth century is as far from solution as ever.

In August I was one of three reporters who accompanied Arthur Laing on a tour of the north with a rather unusual party — six ambassadors, seven prominent businessmen and the president of the Canadian Labor Congress. Claude Jodoin. Partly it was ostensibly the object of the exercise was to interest the businessmen in opportunities for northern investment and the ambassadors in urging their governments to the same effect. Primarily it was to give Laing and his officials the benefit of some expert advice. Laing wanted his guests all while men to look at the north and tell him frankly what they thought of it.

By coincidence three of the party had just completed another and very different northern journey — four hundred miles by canoe from Norway House at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg to York Factory on Hudson Bay. A. H. J. Lovink, the Netherlands ambassador, Dr. Omond Solandt of DeHavilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd., three other friends and I spent eighteen days on a route that the aircraft would have covered in less than two hours. Our ground-level observations had some relevance to the purposes of the Laing tour.

Our canoe route lay through what is probably the most historic of all places — an Arctic ghost town. York Factory was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1680, to be its principal trading post and remained in continuous operation for two hundred and seventy-seven years. It was from York Factory that young Henry Kelsey set out in 1690 by a route that overlapped ours, to explore the Saskatchewan and become the first white man to see the Canadian prairie. Forty years before La Vérendrye and his sons crossed the Grand Portage from Lake Superior on their way to the western plains. Lord Selkirk's ill-fated Highlanders were taken over our route in 1812 to found the Red River settlement. It was the main thoroughfare for the heavy York boats that carried supplies to Norway House on Lake Winnipeg and Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan River.

Until about a century ago it was a busy commercial highway. On the mile-long portage at the foot of Robinson Lake we found the decaying remains of a railway, where the York boats and their cargo used to be hauled on small handcarts there must have been others like it around other rapids and falls, but no trace of them now remains.

continued on page 81



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For seven years now York Factory has been completely empty ever since the last remaining Indians moved to join a larger band at Split Lake and left the mission and the trading post with nothing to do. Alder thickets are already a dense jungle around its dilapidated buildings and what used to be its street. The old Hudson's Bay post wears an imposing bronze plaque declaring it to be a Canadian Historic Site but the post itself is falling into ruin — windows broken, doors sagging, paint peeling, floors littered with broken beer bottles.

On the country round about the commercial activity of nearly three centuries left no mark. The land is as empty and desolate today as when Henry Kelsey first laid eyes on it. The forests have never been cut for the simple reason that they are not worth cutting — they are only a hundred miles south of the tree line, where the Arctic barrens begin. Except around the settlements at Norway House and Oxford House we saw no human beings and no other sign of previous habitation than some prospectors' claim stakes here and there and the occasional untenanted trap-line cabin.

The two settlements are about the same size, roughly two thousand people each of whom about two-thirds are treaty Indians and the rest half-breeds and a handful of whites. At Norway House Herb Rempel, the Hudson's Bay Company man who gave us dinner before we set off, said: "I don't think more than five percent of the people's income here comes from the resources of the country. Directly or indirectly the rest all comes from the government." Doug Stevens at Oxford House, who has been with Hudson's Bay in various northern posts for thirty years, was a little more optimistic. "I'd guess probably as high as ten percent, maybe fifteen percent is earned by hunting and fishing." The rest would be other wages paid by the government for service jobs (caretakers and the like) or welfare payments.

On the airborne trip three weeks later we found the same kind of situation all over the north. One third to one half of the Indian and Eskimo families are on direct relief each year for periods that average four months. Of the hundred and sixty-six Eskimos at Aklavik forty-one were on relief in the best month of last year, September during the spring breakup in May the worst period of the year the number on relief rose to a hundred and forty-eight or roughly seven-eighths of the population. At Inuvik on the other side of the Mackenzie Delta the figures were similar — sixty-three of the three hundred Eskimos on relief even in September and no fewer than two hundred in May.

Welfare payments average about twenty dollars per person per month. For most families this is more than they can earn. Of the sixty Indian families at Whitehorse, the capital of the Yukon, forty have annual incomes of a thousand dollars or less and in other ten earn less than two thousand. Most of the remaining ten have government jobs.

True Indians and Eskimos make up less than half the total population of the Yukon and Northwest Territories but the figure is a little misleading. Of the whites in the Northwest Territories, more than four thousand are concentrated in the twin towns of Yellowknife and Hay River, on opposite sides of Great Slave Lake. Hay River will soon be the northern terminus of a new railway built by the CNR with government subsidy to make possible a big lead-zinc mining development at nearby Pine Point. The ore at Pine Point is not a new discovery (claims were first staked



"Your daughter tells me you're not a swinger."



The United Church . . . and an old, old Story

People who travel in these busy modern days often find themselves receiving aid from up to date Good Samaritans. The giant tractor trailers that carry beer will swing to the roadside to help a trouble-plagued motorist. A ship at sea has no hesitation about altering course to come to the aid of another vessel in distress. Examples of massive Good Samaritanism are found in the foreign aid programs of various individual nations and of the United Nations Organization.

When Christ told the parable of the Good Samaritan He was truthful not to give him a motive for helping the stricken traveller other than the desire to help a fellow human being. The sacrifice of the Samaritan was made entirely in the spirit of unselfish compassion.

The Good Samaritans of today are not always so pure. There is often a taint of selfishness in the wake of goodwill. We may, for instance, be cynical about the beer truck driver who helps change a tire. He is likely to get a bonus from his company which in turn will get considerable value in terms of public relations.

U.N. AND U.S.

The international aid programs of the United Nations bring help and comfort to unfortunate people with no motive other than to improve their condition in life. The aid program of the United States consists of $3.4 billion but is it given in the spirit of the Good Samaritan or is it simply an other weapon in the fight to win people from Communism? [Canadians contribute only $180 million a year to foreign aid, less than half the *per capita* level of the U.S.]

Last summer a 15 year old boy drowned in Toronto's Grenadier Pond a companion youth struggled to hold him to the side of a boat while shouting for help but persons nearby failed to come to the rescue. No doubt they were just minding their own business. This sort of thing can be read in almost every day's newspaper. A humility is beaten up by a gang of toughs in a shopping plaza. The mother's screams go unheeded by those who stand and watch. A girl is stabbed to death in New York. The neighbours wash but fail even to call the police. Were they also just minding their own business or were they frightened?

HAVE WE THE GUTS?

Samaritanism today means courage. It may mean facing switchblades or heavy soled boots designed for kicking. How many of us have the guts to help the lonely policeman getting the worst of a fight outside a tavern? Jesus knew what He was talking about. The roads in those times were the hunting grounds of thieves. The man who all licked the traveller might return at any time. Those who passed quickly by did so with an attitude which reflected fear as well as revulsion for the unsavoury task of helping the beaten man in the ditch. The Samaritan shook all his fear and reservation. He risked himself and his possessions when he made his sacrifice of time and money to help another human.

The United Church believes that if we exercise ourselves from being Good Samaritans because of danger or inconvenience we avoid a basic demand of the Gospel.

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three in 1898 by prospectors on their way to the Klondike) but it couldn't be developed without a railroad and the railroad couldn't be built without government aid. Now that the aid is forthcoming and the railway nearly finished, Hay River has no special problems. As for Yellowknife it is a prosperous mining town and seems likely to remain so. Socially and economically though the Yellowknife-Hay River district is just a slight northward extension of the Province of Alberta. Its prosperity has little or no bearing on the unsolved problems of the farther north.

The other big concentration of whites in the north is the Yukon Territory. Of its fifteen thousand people only about twenty-two hundred are Indian and nine Eskimo. Its living standards are high, its buildings handsome and modern. White horse, the capital, is as pretty a town of five thousand as you'd find anywhere in Canada, with neat picture-windowed houses and fine lawns [grown on topsoil that has to be trucked in from a pit ten miles from town]. It's a gay place too. In its noisy little night clubs the entertainers seem to know the customers by their first names and vice versa. Apparently nobody is too old or too young, too rich or too poor to be included in the rollicking social life that goes on all the time.

The fight against the shrink

Nevertheless the Yukon has some problems not wholly dissimilar to those of the Northwest Territories. It too is trying to maintain a standard of living on a shrinking economic base. The value of mineral production [the only primary industry of any consequence except for tourism] is lower than it was ten years ago — about thirteen million dollars. The army's recent decision to withdraw from operations in the Yukon takes away a major source of buying power and secondary employment. Prospecting goes on both for minerals and for oil and gas, but economic and terrain make it obvious that any strike must be unusually rich before it can compete with similar resources in easier locations.

Crest Exploration Limited, a subsidiary of California Standard, has a huge property of a hundred and forty-five square miles near the Yukon-Mackenzie border which is a good example. Howard Nicholson, president of Crest Exploration, was one of Arthur Laing's touring party and he gave us a lucid outline of both its opportunities and its obstacles.

The deposit itself is enormous — an iron ore body more than three hundred feet thick known to have twenty billion tons and perhaps as much as forty billion. More than a billion tons of ore lie exposed on the surface with another five billion under ground shallow enough for cheap open pit mining.

Development though, will be colossally expensive. The ore is not good enough in quality to be shipped out raw. It will have to be up-graded. It will then have to be carried over six hundred miles to the nearest open water port over a railway which has not yet been surveyed, let alone built. Cost of the railway may run as high as three hundred millions; the mine itself and the ore up-grading plant might cost as much again. Five hundred millions up" is the preliminary guess at the total investment required.

To make such an enterprise economic, a huge market will have to be assured in advance — not less than ten million tons a year. Japan is the only customer in sight that could absorb such a quantity and even there it would mean tying up forty percent of Japan's entire requirement of iron ore. Other countries with easier climates, notably Australia, are competing fiercely for this Japanese market.

Howard Nicholson warned us not to think of this touch-and-go enterprise even if it is launched as a social welfare project. To make it feasible at all the company would have to import highly sophisticated machinery and a highly skilled labor force to operate it. Employment for the unskilled semi-nomadic Eskimos and Indians would be limited. Even the white population of the Yukon might find the new harshly competitive atmosphere very different from the easy going life they now enjoy.

I asked the leading citizen of Whitehorse: What leads people to come up to the north in the first place?

"Oh, we're all escaping from something," he said cheerfully. "In this country a man can turn his back on the past and make a fresh start."

He didn't mean, of course, that he and his fellow northerners were all fugitives from justice. What they were escaping, he went on to explain, was not pursuit but pressure — the rigidities, the formal stipulations of life "outside." [Northerners really do say "outside" when they speak of the rest of the world, an alien and somewhat hostile place.]

"Up here, you don't need a piece of paper to prove who or what you are," he said. "If there's a job open for a plumber or a steamfitter and

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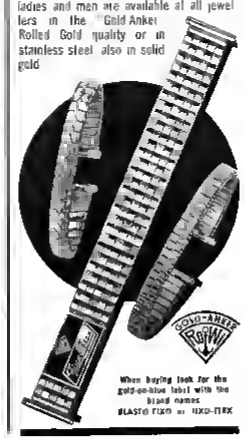
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PARADE

And now one row for Little Joe

Very few citizens of Shergis, Sask., who have admired the random pattern of the red-and-buff bricks in the wall of the town's new medical clinic realize just what ministry was involved in achieving the effect. The two bricklayers who built the wall, not having been given any specific pattern to follow, took turns rolling dice — one throw, nine red bricks; another throw, four buff bricks; next throw, three red bricks.



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His wife put in. "Mind you we get a lot of shoddy work that way." But she seemed to feel as he did that the gain in peace of mind was worth the price in illmeany

We find an example of this genial custom right before our eyes, in the night club where we were talking. One of the three entertainers had been hired by the proprietor in a burst of compassion when he lost his job as clerk in a hardware store. Another had worked as a salesman of musical instruments. They went to Vancouver for a mutual friend who, they said had a good voice and they were in business as a music-and-comedy trio. It was obviously a popular show, even to the patrons who saw it every week. It had a fresh, gay, relaxed quality that was contagious, vastly better than the kind of fourth-rate professional you'd expect to find in a small remote town. Nevertheless it wasn't professional and if the boys did try to offer their wares outside "they would be withered by the competition. I suspect this might be true of some other northern enterprises.

But the Yukon with its population six-sevenths white, literate and possessed of modern skills is thereby delivered from the worst of all the problems of the north — the divisive demoralizing impact of education upon a primitive society.

Great strides have been made during the past ten years in the education of Eskimos and northern Indians. About four thousand Eskimo and Indian children are now attending the two hundred and fifty-odd classrooms of federal schools across the north. Of these about a third are living in hostels separated from their families and their traditional way of life for the months of the school year.

Some teachers say they're not worried by this. "We give the child a chance to learn to the limit of his capacity." I was told in Resolute Bay.

Those who have the ability can go on to high school or even to university. The others can go back to the Eskimo way of life.

What worries other teachers and the government is that the Eskimo way of life is itself a hard thing to learn. Boys who have spent their whole childhood in a white man's school no longer know how to make a living as their fathers did.

During a visit last March to Great Whale River in Arctic Quebec I flew up to an Eskimo settlement forty miles up the Hudson Bay coast where a family group was living in the traditional way (the only one in that area that is still doing so). Of the patriarch's two sons, one was his father's pride — a good hunter adept at every Eskimo skill, well qualified to become the head of the family. He had never been to school. His younger brother had gone to school, learned to speak English and to read and write, but in the Eskimo community he was regarded as completely worthless, a lazy good for nothing fit only for women's work and not much of that.

What's a horse to an Eskimo?

This gap between the generations is wide enough even for children who continue to live with their parents while going to school. It is much wider for those who leave their home-like one-room houses or (in some cases still) their tents and igloos to live in the steam-heated splendor of a new federal school.

There are probably no finer schools in all Canada than the Sir Alexander Mackenzie School at Inuvik or the Sir John Franklin School at Yellowknife. From the spotless tiled washrooms to the vast gymnasium-auditorium either would be the pride of any high-priced suburb. In the hostels most of the children are housed four to a room, otherwise the facilities are as good as any private boarding school in Canada and better than some. The Inuvik school with its hostel cost about four and a half million dollars.

But with all this investment in bricks and mortar, no attempt at all was made to devise a curriculum for primitive pupils. Eskimo children who have never seen a horse or a cow learn to read about Dick and Jane's visit to grandfather's farm. Except for those that individual teachers may contrive the school suggests no point of contact between what the children are learning and what they know already. They are being prepared for an environment which for them does not exist.

Nowhere is this fact made more cruelly plain than at Inuvik, the brand new administrative centre of the Lower Mackenzie district. Inuvik was started ten years ago intended to replace the dilapidated village of Aklavik on the other side of the delta. It cost fifty million dollars (counting its fifteen million-dollar airport) and in one sense it is a showpiece — neat comfortable homes, a good hotel, a hundred-bed hospital, the most beautiful church in the Arctic. Water and steam heat are supplied and sewage taken away by an insulated aluminum-pipe container called "the Utilidor."

The Utilidor segregates the people of Inuvik more rigidly and more effectively than any Jim Crow real-estate law could do. The civil servants who live "on the Utilidor" pay a rent that is based on salary and ranges from ninety to a hundred and fifty dollars a month. But for a private citizen to build a house in the "serviced area" as one or two are planning to do, would cost between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. The Utilidor itself costs two hundred dollars a foot.

Needless to say this de facto segregation is not meant to be based on color or race. No doubt in time Eskimo teachers will staff the Sir Alexander Mackenzie School, Eskimo nurses and perhaps even Eskimo doctors the hundred-bed hospital. But even then the contrast will remain between them, the chosen and educated few, and their parents and brothers and sisters who live in the squalid unserviced area beyond the Utilidor. (It could be called the "native quarter" except that it is also the dwelling place of the white businessmen of Aklavik who burn with envy and resentment of the privileged civil servants.)

Old Aklavik, thirty-five miles away by air and seventy by canoe, presents the opposite extreme. In appearance it is a slum. The houses are falling down, the school is dingy and dilapidated, the ancient and scruffy hotel looks like something out of a Klondike movie. Indeed the whole village is being eaten away by erosion and eventually will fall into the Mackenzie River.

What redeems Aklavik is the fact that it is real, not a figment of bureaucratic imagination like Inuvik. This is what life in the Mackenzie Delta really like, the standard of living that local resources (with some help from government welfare payments) will support. Whites, Indians and Eskimos live in much the same environment.

When David Neve, the administrator, brought his wife Brenda and their children to Aklavik from Great Whale River last spring they found their house in almost as squalid condition as those of their Eskimo neighbors. By herculean efforts of cleaning, painting and repairing they have made it reasonably attractive now, and thereby have sparked a clean-up, paint-up movement in the rest of the village, but there is nothing to single them out as Superior Beings. The dingy school, unlike the tidy and polished splendor of Inuvik, shows the effect of the children's participation in its painting and decorating.

The Aklavik school goes only to grade eight, but that is as far as most Eskimo children go anyway, and when a child finishes school at Aklavik he is still at home. At Inuvik he emerges into an environment that has no place for him — unless of course he is one of the tiny minority so far who

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PARADE

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A pleasant but sometimes awkward feature of life in Belleville, Ontario is the Moira River which flows through the city dividing it in half. But it presented no problem the other day for a woman loaded with groceries who got off a bus several blocks from the nearest bridge. She was seen to slip off her shoes and stockings, wade the river with groceries held high, put her footwear on again and head for home.

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go south for further training. Even they have problems. At Resolute Bay we met a girl who had gone all through the educational mill and had then taken a job in Ottawa. After about a year away she was home again with a nervous breakdown and an illegitimate child.

These problems were not unfamiliar to Arthur Laing's distinguished guests, even those who had never seen the Canadian Arctic before. Dr. John Knox Jessup of the diplomatic corps and ambassador of Denmark knew a great deal about his own country's experience with the Eskimos in Greenland. Lovink of the Netherlands had been the last governor-general of the Dutch East Indies and had dealt with Stone Age people in New Guinea. Sir Henry Hoyer Miller, British High Commissioner, is a newcomer to Canada but a man of much experience in African affairs. Osmond Solandt, as chairman of the Defence Research Board, had set up the research laboratory at Churchill and had travelled all over the north many times. The others had similarly relevant experience of various kinds.

Just what they told the minister is hard to define. There was no formal summing-up, except a round-table talk the day after we got back, and even then there were many different views. But there were a few points on which a consensus seemed to emerge which may yet be translated into policy.

One was the need for more research, in two wholly different fields. First research in the physical sciences of the kind that can only be done in the Arctic — the nature of the aurora borealis, the origins of the Western Hemisphere's weather, the forces in the upper atmosphere that seem to converge around the magnetic pole and so on. Quite a lot is being done already, but there is room for much more. There's also room for more effort and expenditure in looking for mineral resources as opposed to building facilities for resources that may some day be discovered.

Second and even more important, is the need for research into the problem of educating primitive people. No nation has solved this problem yet but many have had experience. What *should* the Eskimo and Indian children be reading, instead of *Fun With Dick and Jane*? What can restore the dignity and self-respect of a proud hunter who finds himself in only for a menial job? How can tribal loyalties be reconciled and merged with national loyalty? (This question, which bedevils Africa more than any other, has hardly arisen in Canada yet — but it will.) Should the people of the north be encouraged to move south and find employment, or should the government go on trying to create employment for them at home?

No answers yet exist to these questions, nor can any be found merely by spending more money. "We can't buy our way out of this." Laing remarked one day. But they are probably more important in the second half of the twentieth century than any other questions in the world. If Canada could find the answer, in her little pilot plant of the Arctic, it would be as great a service to mankind as we can ever hope to render. ★



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continued from page 18

What is needed for the north is a new concept of transportation, housing, heating and clothing

with the immediate prospect of freezing. Also, no part of the automobile engine can be reached for adjustment or repair from within the car. If anything goes wrong, the driver has to go outside and fumble with the hood while exposed to the freezing winds and blinding snow. Meanwhile the engine rapidly cools, making starting difficult once the repair has been completed.

Why should the hood have to be raised just to check the oil, the anti-freeze level and the battery? Why not filler caps and dashboard gauges for oil and anti-freeze levels? I know there are such vehicles on the market such as Bombardiers, Autoboggans and Skidoos, but the former is too expensive for the average person to own and operate, and the latter are open all-purpose jobs that are not in the car category.

What is definitely needed for the north is an entirely new concept of transportation, something like a family-type helicopter or air-cushion vehicle for safe comfortable travel over typical northern terrain—snow, water, muskeg, rock—and in the price range the average family could afford.

Good homes — for the south

The same applies to northern housing and extends to plumbing, heating, lighting and air-conditioning. Progress in northern housing has been slow indeed compared to that of improvements in temperate climate housing. There is no readily available housing designed for northern living. Because of the severity of the weather more time has to be spent indoors in the north than in moderate latitudes. Yet northern houses are almost invariably southern styled with just more insulation, more caulking, storm doors and windows added. I have yet to see a satisfactory outside door designed for cold weather climates and no northern heating system has yet appeared on the market though heating is required in most areas in the north most of the year. The north is crying out for more efficient and more economical heating — perhaps the heat-pump method, or solar cells or even chemical reactors.

There is glaring deficiency, too, in northern plumbing. The water flush toilet for instance is quite unsuitable. Not only is it vulnerable to freezing but its consumption of water is needlessly. Sounding along the line of a practical oil or propane gas or electric effort that will entirely evaporate the liquid and consume the solid waste is surely indicated and overdue.

Another field yet to be explored is that of northern clothing fashions. Thumb through mail-order catalogues, newspaper advertisements or magazine ads — when do you ever see clothing illustrated that is really suitable for extremely cold or severe weather? Never. "Dew Line" clothing is evidently the only alternative to military surplus clothing, for men and women as well as children. Women in the north are apparently unrecognized also by the manufacturer of cold-weather clothing. Why not development of heat retaining clothing that will remain warm for a few hours after donning? Why not linings that could contain chemicals which when "charged" generate warmth for several hours at a time? How about transistor mikes in parka hoods for talking to one another without having to expose the face and ears to heat? Why not plastic non-fogging masks or "bubbles" to wear over one's face in severe weather to avoid frostbite? The list is endless!

Methods of road building, using snow packing devices, perhaps a means of cheaply converting snow and ice to palatable drinking water, a means of heating quickly and cheaply four-sized outdoor areas, possibly with radiant-heat panels enabling one to work outdoors in comfort for extended periods of time unencumbered by bulky heavy clothing—all these could be steps toward progress in the north.

The only way in which the needs and problems of northern living can be solved is by comprehensive research, and this can be carried out only by some institution oriented to-

continued on page 90



He inlaid a Damascus barrel, 16-gauge Purdey shotgun, circa 1880

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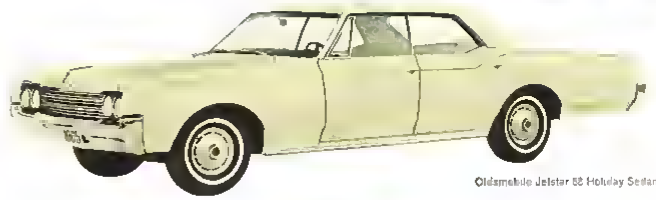
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ward and located in the north — in short a University Of The North. Nothing close to this ideal exists. Several universities in the south possess departments carrying out northern projects such as boreal studies, archaeology and the like, but north-ern attention and research invariably will be sidelines financed by bottom-of-the-barrel grants as long as they must be carried out from universities in the south.

Canada is probably the most back-ward of the Arctic powers. Without taking account of Russia's enormous Arctic research work, Canada lags south behind the United States, which has a much smaller Arctic territory in Alaska and yet has supported and expanded the University Of Alaska near Fairbanks, for nearly half a cen-tury.

Not long ago I wrote an editorial in the *Churchill Post*, pointing out the many projects important to northern development that a northern university might undertake and suggesting that it could be satisfactorily and eco-nomically housed in part of the mil-lion-dollar complex of buildings at Churchill left vacant by military with-drawals.

The Winnipeg *Free Press* and other newspapers reprinted the editorial and it and my follow-up suggestions aroused such widespread interest (or expressions of interest) among politi-cians, educators and communicators that the first step toward the found-ing of the University Of Northern Research And Development at Churchill as a Centennial project seemed imminent. This first step would be the formation of a com-mittee, including a representative of the University Of Alaska, to draw up a plan for the university and report to Premier Duff Roblin of Manitoba.

In an interview Premier Roblin told me he was so impressed with my suggestion that he had immediately written to Prime Minister Pearson about it. I had written to Pearson too, and his Minister of Northern Affairs Arthur Laing, to whom the prime minister passed along my idea, was positively flattering in his com-ments. "Your suggestion, which is one of the boldest yet advanced for the use of facilities to be vacated by the Department Of National Defence at Fort Churchill, is a source of great encouragement to those of us who are concerned with northern develop-ment."

Official buck passing

But that's as far as the plans for the University Of The North have gone, for a reason that appeared in strikingly similar sentences in letters to me from Premier Roblin and Prime Minister Pearson's secretary Jules Pelletier. Pelletier wrote: "You will of course realize that the initiative for establishing a university in any jurisdiction must come from that province and would be a matter of jurisdiction of the provincial government."

Roblin's letter said: "The ideas which you have been advocating are of particular concern to the federal authorities and the initiative must clearly come from them."

Both Prime Minister Pearson and Premier Roblin want northern develop-ment of course, no less than John Diefenbaker. (The latter's comment on the University Of The North pro-posal was: "This is a project well worth consideration.") The fact that the two political leaders appear to be indulging in federal-provincial buck-passing is, I think, merely symptoma-tic of the general lack of communi-cation and co-ordination between the two levels of government in matters which are of vital concern to both.

Follow it you can: this situation in Churchill, where whites and In-dians and Eskimos and Metis must live in proximity and work and play side by side, the Indians are governed by the Indian Act administered by the Indian Affairs Branch of the federal Department Of Citizenship And Immi-gration, the Eskimos by the Depart-ment Of Northern Affairs, the Metis assisted by the newly established Community Development Services of the Manitoba Department Of Wel-fare, and the whites, by goodness knows whom. This leads to situations that come close to being scenes out of Gil-bert and Sullivan or even Alice in Wonderland.

Thus, we are faced, to cite one such example (and there are numerous others), with a situation in which the Rocket Research Facility, predomi-nantly operated by Pan American World Airways, has its own personnel officer to deal with employment. The Department Of Public Works has its personnel office. Northern Affairs has its employment services at Churchill. The assistant superintendent of Indian Affairs looks after employment for the Trade Indians. The Community Development Service Officer assists the Metis to overcome employment hurdles. The National Harbours Board has its own equivalent of a personnel officer. And yet to all intents and purposes the National Employment Service at The Pas, five hundred miles south, is technically responsible for filling all regular-wage and drifting work applicants for most establishments, but having no office at Churchill tends only to add to the ultimate confusion. It sometimes brings in applicants from Winnipeg, a thou-sand miles to the south, when at the same time the welfare rolls are filled with unemployed Treaty Indians and Metis right here at Churchill.

When Churchill residents make representations to the provincial gov-ernment at Winnipeg (more than a thousand miles south by rail, remem-ber?) the reply generally is that Churchill's mainly a *federal* installa-tion (harbour, military base, Defence Research Board and Eskimo popula-tion, all operated by the Department Of Transport and other federal de-partments). Therefore, it's argued, the federal government should bear the major financial responsibility for solving Churchill's problems. But this, unfortunately, Ottawa to date has shown little inclination to do.

The provincial government, then, usually rejects assistance, that "negotiations are under way between it and the federal government to overcome this problem." And that to date is as far as matters have progressed.

As a result of this impasse here are some of the facilities available in this fall of 1964 for a community of at least five thousand: a civilian hi-lariously ships' crews and construction workers.

Forty beds, one doctor

One doctor at the Fort Churchill General Hospital assisted by a few nurses. (Yet the Manitoba Hospital Survey Board in October 1949 stated: "The (hospital) accommodation at Fort Churchill was described as inade-quate and dangerous to health. What is required is a properly designed adequate hospital." At that time the hospital consisted of approximately seventy beds with at least four doc-tors. At present it is considered to have thirty beds, and one doctor with one (a surgeon) expected next month and a third "hoped for" shortly.)

Public health facilities are still so inadequate that a few nights ago, when I volunteered to help the visiting student minister of the Anglican church by bathering some of the teenage natives, my electric clipper jammed several times when their hair came clogged with lice. Those were school-age children from the Indian village, designated as "Camp 10," which to my knowledge possesses no running water or regular bathing fa-cilities in any of its homes, and ad-joins a cemetery of several hundred graves, some barely below the surface. These dreadful conditions exist within a stone's throw of the Rocket Research Range, where scientists are sending up rockets and observing trajectories with all the latest equipment and computer de-vices. This reflects the lack of lead-ership and responsible administration in this and other northern communi-ties.

That ends the little argument that Canada's northland — the vast sweep of land, lake and island seven hundred miles from the Alaska-northwest to the tip of Cape Chidley for almost two thousand miles — has been allowed to lag behind the rest of Canada to such an extent that it is virtually a foreign land to most Canadians.

An engineer friend offered me half a dozen rules which he says are guar-anteed to frustrate development and keep the north in its present under-developed state for years to come. They are:

1. Consultants should keep telling the idea that the north is overflowing with cold and useless.

2. Ensure that large numbers of northern residents remain jobless, but on a liberal welfare program.

3. Carry out all development projects on a crash basis, to give guaranteed short-term results — with space facilities lying idle.

4. Adopt an educational program insulated in northern traditions.

5. Maintain only limited research and data, to maintain a continued lack of northern knowledge on which to base long-term plans.

6. And don't all be puzzled when the way the government acts are imple-menting the great northern vision. ★



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GOVERNOR GENERAL RUM

MAILBAG

continued from page 15

Heaven, hell and Sidney Katz

Tobacco, cancer and a critic

St Louis Missouri He broadcasted the Cleveland Indians games for quite a few years along with an outstanding broadcaster by the name of Jimmie Dudley — E H SMITH ST THOMAS ONT

The Canadian psychedelists

Sidney Katz's examination of *The Heaven Or Hell Drugs* (July 20) was a splendid piece of writing When Katz took LSD 25 in 1953 at the hospital in Weyburn Sask where I was medical director he was extremely given a psychotomimetic experience But even then we were concerned with the psychedelic experience and as can be seen from reading Aldous Huxley's *The Doors Of Perception* we were well aware that much of the experience and/or drugs can be determined by the intention with which they are taken I don't think that Drs Leary and Alpert had anything to do with this as Katz suggests While we shouldn't be chauvinistic most of these ideas were in fact developed in Canada between 1952 and 1960 by the men at Weyburn and by Dr A M Hubbard and his associates in Vancouver as well as others in California — DR HUMPHRY OSMOND, DIRECTOR, NEURO PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

One boy's courage

In *The Triumphant Struggle To Be Itself Our Boy Damaged Mind* (July 25) Mrs M Golnik, a psychologist whose contribution in institution and treatment programming was certainly equal to mine was unfortunately not mentioned Nonetheless should also be emphasized There is a persistent toughness about him which has allowed him to go ahead in the face of crippling and ill understood handicaps — E H LEVINSON MD MONTREAL

The American way — in Canada

If the cartoon illustration used in John Kenneth Galbraith's article (*How The World Perceived The Black Art Of Education* August 22) is indeed an accurate portrayal of infantry drill during those times it would appear that the American erosion of the Canadian way began even earlier than some of us have hitherto suspected. I refer, of course, to the very un-Canadian position of the unrecognizable Ross rifle on the shoulder of the distinctly Canadian-looking schoolboy. This imbalance, along with Mordecai Richler's skillful bid in the same issue (*The French, The English, The Jews . . . And What's Become Of Everybody Else?*) to add a Jewish East along with the alleged English and French Fasts further confirms our fears that the one hundred mile wide strip along the border hasn't been really Canadian for a long time — J C HEWSON, BLUEBERRY MOUNTAIN, ALTA

" As a graduate of the Dalton High School in the late twenties, I feel that Mr Galbraith was a bit hard on Tommy Elliott Perhaps Mr Elliott didn't realize that I was Scotch and from the farm but I was never aware of any prejudice I think that if Mr Galbraith had given Mr Elliott some credit for maintaining a school that turned out its fair share of prominent graduates, and dealt with his idiosyncracies with a lighter touch it would be much closer to the feeling of many of the graduates For a man of his height (in stature and position) is Mr Galbraith doing some stooping! — JOHN I MCCOLL ST CATHARINES ONT

Duo I get funny with the Queen

I read with disgust *The Other Queen Elizabeth Visits Us — In Her Clothes And Face* Cranna (Reviews September 5) I believe that a person is not whole when lacking a sense of humour but such a portrayal of the Queen is not in my books funny! The Queen is not only the queen of our country, but also a lady of charm and dignity — S A COCHRANE KINGSTON ONT

Smoking and cancer

Dr W Gifford-Jones sums up his analysis of the cigarette-cancer controversy (*An MD Tells Confirmed Heart Smokers To Quit Worrying About It* August 22) should not be taken too seriously by health-conscious Canadians He asks why lung cancer is almost unknown among our Eskimos and Indians — both heavy smokers The answer is that because of their isolation and their preference to bury their own dead many cases never reach the statisticians He asks why while South African men the heaviest smokers in the world have a lower cancer rate than U K and U S males South Africans are the world's heaviest tobacco users but not the heaviest cigarette smokers They smoke cigars the tobacco of which is much lower in tar content He states that stomach cancer should not be blamed on smoking because smoking is on the increase and stomach cancer is on the decrease Once again he confuses cigarette smokers with tobacco users. Indeed smoking is on the increase, but tobacco and snuff chewing (and swallowing) is on the decrease It is this form of tobacco ingestion that promotes stomach cancer I suggest that Dr Gifford Jones could better serve the cause of his profession and his fellow man by studying the statistics on medical malpractice and the growing number of surgical instruments being left inside their patients in many cases resulting in death — R J WAUDELL VANCOUVER ★

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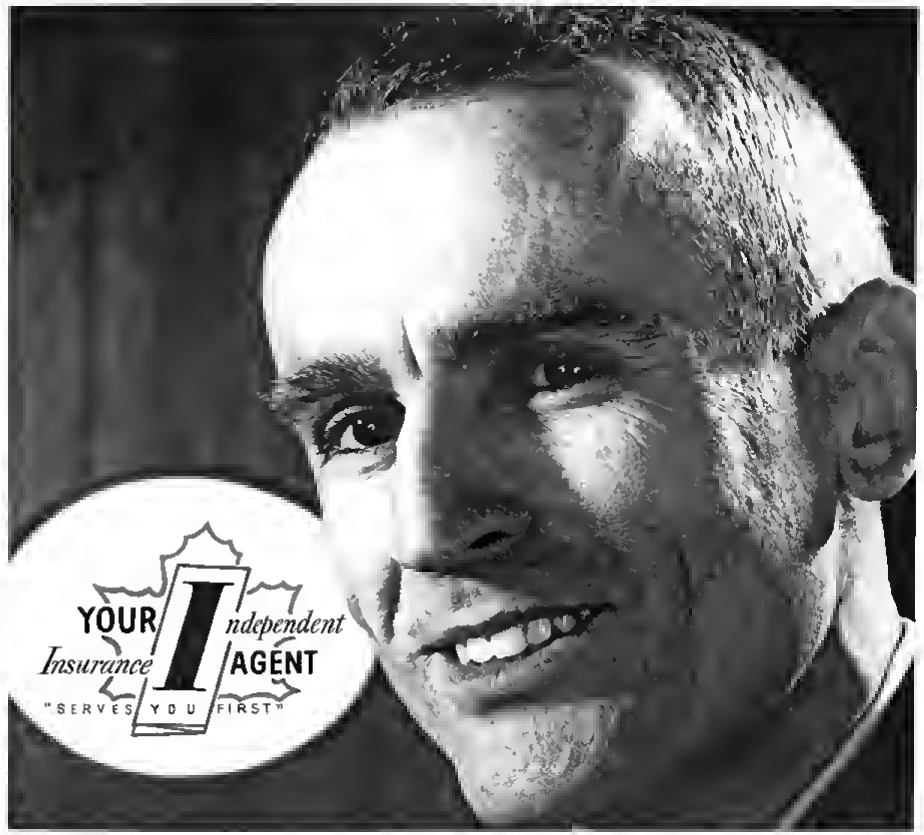
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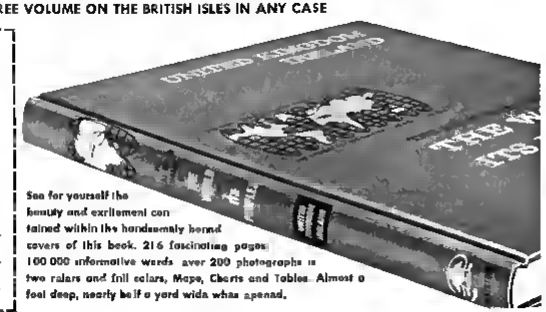
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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE OCTOBER 17 1964 VOLUME 77 NUMBER 20

SHOW BUSINESS

DON FRANCKS: the many fads and faces of Canada's next big name on Broadway

IF DON FRANCKS hadn't existed, David Susskind would have had to invent him. But Francks is very much alive. Susskind has chosen him to play the lead in a $500,000 musical called *Kelly* that opens on Broadway next February. Joseph Levine has signed him to a four-picture contract with Embassy Pictures, and even the sourest of critics are conceding that only a major disaster such as a nuclear attack or another New York newspaper strike can prevent Francks from becoming the biggest, boldest, fastest-rising entertainer since Sammy Davis Jr.

This is an old forecast of course. People have been predicting for at least six years that Francks' name would soon be up. There in lights. But until Susskind came along the big break had steadily eluded him, and Francks was in danger of becoming the most successful non-star in North American show business.

This danger now seems safely behind him. The new show is backed by Susskind, Levine and Daniel Melnick (three unsentimental businessmen who are not in the habit of bankrolling theatrical flops). Furthermore the odds are heavy that *Kelly* will be one of those musicals that is so big, so timeful and so *right* that it acquires a momentum of its own and can't be stopped even by the hostility of the New York critics. Consider: was that kind of show and it made Canada's Robert Goulet a major star in theatrical circles. It's now almost a foregone conclusion that *Kelly* will do the same for Canada's Don Francks. Susskind goes even farther. Goulet, he says, is just a flash in the pan as far as I'm concerned. But Don has a great future. He'll be as big a star as Barbra Streisand.

CANADA'S ANSWER TO SAMMY DAVIS JR.?

The comparison is apt for Francks is a sort of male Barbra Streisand or (to put it another way) a white Sammy Davis Jr. He is wildly versatile, explosively energetic and utterly committed—sometimes to the point of nervous exhaustion—to delivering the best performance he can. He doesn't sing a song so much as *engage* it. He can switch effortlessly from one TV role in the next with a conviction so total that viewers sometimes wonder if Francks is the same person they saw last week. He also dances a lot, emotes a lot more and in a peripatetic life that began in Vancouver thirty-two years ago has acquired the sort of eclectic background that would look good on the dust-jacket of an adventure novel (among other things, he's been a skindiver, laundry worker, all night disc jockey, merchant sailor, unicycle racer, lacrosse player, jazz lecturer and member of a prize-winning barbershop quartet).

Since he arrived in Toronto seven years ago, the diversity of Francks' assignments has paralleled his early offbeat life. On CBC television they've ranged from comedy or singing and dancing spots in several dozen variety shows to serious acting roles in rarities *Pleiades*. Last August on an hour-long *Horizon* show called *Clown of a Thousand Years* he turned in an almost schizophrenic performance as successively a medieval court jester, a seventeenth-century *commedia dell'arte* performer, an Rochelle French pirate and a contemporary sick comedian. "That kind of money frees a artist," says a colleague. "It's what Francks does best."

In addition, he's just completed a starring role in *Train of Murder*, a five-episode CBC series that will be seen next April as a dumb railroad cop who, in the manner of Peter Sellers, keeps stumbling over his own feet but always manages to get his man in the end. (On that series, Francks provided one of those rare moments of unexpected wonder that occasionally happen in television studios. The script merely called for him to find a bottle of carbon tetrachloride behind a refrigerating unit but Francks built the scene into thirty-two seconds of adlib ruffing a performance that earned the ultimate theatrical accolade: the strephands spontaneously applauded.)

This season he's finally achieved a TV show of his own. It's called *Other Voices* and producer Jim Guthro describes the program as an attempt to get the views of minorities that ordinarily aren't heard from on television. The whole show is built around Francks. Late in September, he was in England trying to get the views of Britain's two rival streams of teenage delinquents, the Mods and the Rockers. But Francks, the involved dressing up like a Mod *and* a Rocker, learning their lingo and literally talking to them in front of the cameras.

Guthro plans to apply the same technique to other misunderstood groups. Francks and a film crew have already spent several weeks living on an Indian reservation near North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Later, he may go to Spain and live with some gypsies. "Don's the ideal choice for this kind of program," says Guthro. "He's got the ability to become completely involved in whatever he's doing."

On stage or off, the involvement can reach picturesque extremes. One week it might be motorcycles, and Francks can be seen in jeans and black leather jacket roaring around Toronto on a 750-cc Harley Davidson and drooling out words like Marlon Brando. Another time it might be juggling. He had to learn how for *Clown of a Thousand Years* and for weeks it was hard to catch him when he wasn't juggling. Other Francks enthusiasms have included playing the recorder, wearing leather suits, playing the drums, weightlifting, wearing *orange* suits and teaching his tomcat to meow on cue to an Art Blakey recording of *Moanin'*. Jazz, in fact, is a recurring theme for Francks. He was an authentic west coast hipster when many of the present inhabitants of college hours were still mastering their multiplication tables. Although he dislikes being called a hipster (today, that's like calling someone a hepcat), his speech is still salted with quaint expressions like "dig" and "in-grass" and he still complains about not being able to communicate with the rock people (see "squares"). He even named his small son Tristan after saxophonist John Coltrane.

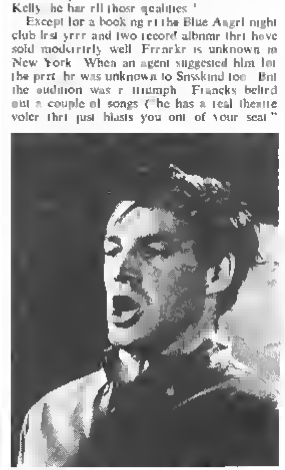
The other recurring theme is years old ones. Francks' first overall move than fully in the past dozen years is a close second to Peter Sellers' (brilliant record of more than eighty) and sometimes their rusting hulks have piled up in his various back yards like waste paper on an editor's desk. Currently affluent, he's driving a red Mustang convertible, an antique Citroen and an Austin Princess limousine that used to belong to Louis St. Laurent. Last month he ordered an eight thousand dollar replica of a 1929 Mercedes roadster with a top speed of 167 miles per hour.

THE BIGGEST BOXING DAY IN ONE ACTOR'S LIFE

But he may not get much chance to drive it. Rehearsals for *Kelly* start in November and the show opens in pre-Broadway run in Philadelphia on Boxing Day. Although casting was incomplete in mid-September, Susskind professes to be confident that, with Francks in the lead, everything else will more or less take care of itself. *Kelly* is about a cocky kid from the Bowery of the 1890's who tries to prove his manhood by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Kelly," says Susskind, "has to have vitality, virility and great sensitivity—and yet he's sweet and likable as well. Out of the several hundred people we auditioned, several had some of those qualities. But Don is the essence of Kelly; he has all those qualities."

Except for a book or two, the Blue Angel night club first year and two record albums, he's never sold moderately well. Francks is unknown in New York. When an agent suggested him for the part, he was unknown to Susskind too. But the audition was a triumph. Francks belted out a couple of songs (he has a real theatre voice) that just blasts you out of your seat."



DON FRANCKS GRAZING IN A FIELD FULL OF FLOWERS

says Susskind) and read a scene that was superb." It was almost too good to be true, says Susskind. "It was so good we wondered if we'd been seeing the many people and were getting carried away. So we asked Brat to come back the following week. He read again for us, and this time he was even better than before. That's when we said, He's our man."

During rehearsals Franken will probably commute between New York and his *Other Voices* chores in Toronto. He's still undecided whether he'll move permanently to the U.S. But despite the prospect of an important Broadway lead and four films, he's still lean in his refusal to specialize. "The performing arts are a field full of flowers," he says. "Only the unpicked pick just one."

ALEXANDER ROSS



Fail Safe another chilling fable about Armageddon by accident

YOU MAKE DEATH AN entertainment," a scientist says invitingly to the political strategist in the latest movie about nuclear war. *Fail Safe*. The movie is a faithful translation of Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler's best-selling novel about accidental atomic war. And the strategist Groteschele is a not-so-faithful characterization of Herman Kahn, the "nuclear philosopher" who exerts considerable influence on American defense policy and wrote the controversial books, *On Thermonuclear War* and *Thinking About The Unthinkable*.

In a sense Kahn inspired both *Fail Safe* and *Dr. Strangelove Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love The Bomb*, with his discussions of "acceptable" numbers of megadeaths, doomsday machines and "war and peace games." The serious purpose of Kahn's "games" is to stimulate the imagination in working out the strategies of future wars. It's a way of being prepared by crossing all possible bridges before coming to them.

Fail Safe and *Strangelove* are in effect... a kind of war game for those of us who have no special training nor any certain knowledge even of our own defenses. Other generations made movies about wars that they'd lived through. We are the first to make movies (realistic ones) not science fiction) about the



LIFE OR DEATH DEBATE IN FAIL SAFE'S WAR ROOM

I will we can only think we wouldn't live through. Why? Is it for the ultimate in suspense, entertainment? Out of a morbid fascination with our own deaths? Or possibly is it a kind of preventive dread? My guess is it's a weird mixture of all three.

Although *Fail Safe* is so close to *Strangelove* in its basic situations that it was called into court for plagiarism, the two movies are less alike than say any two Andy Murphy westerns with quite different story lines. Both are anti-arms race, and both are suspenseful, but there the similarity ends. *Strangelove* verges gleefully on all the ludicrous aspects of the peace profession, preparing for war. It's an atomic send-up with no survivors except machines. Presidents, generals, diplomats and scientists are all ridiculed in this comedy of war mongers. But *Fail Safe* takes itself and the humans involved very seriously. The machines are the root of all the trouble. This time the bombers are sent past their fail-safe point to attack Moscow through a fluke in the fantastically complex system of computers in the Omaha war room. It's a case of the human pushing the man.

STRANGELOVE'S FANTASY IS EASIER TO BELIEVE

Curiously enough, the outrageous comedy of *Strangelove* is somehow more believable than the earnest realism of *Fail Safe*. *Strangelove* has only to convince you that the world is full of absurdities to carry you irresistibly along to its breathtaking doomsday. But *Fail Safe* has to convince you at each step of the way that an accidental nuclear disaster is inevitable and who wants to believe that?

Sidney Lumet (*Fail Safe*'s director) proved his talent for dramatizing argument in *Twelve Angry Men* and he again constructs some extraordinarily tense sequences out of the arguments in *Fail Safe*. The most telling are the scenes where the president (Henry Fonda) sits in the White House bomb shelter negotiating over the hot line for hundreds of millions of lives. But *Fail Safe* is altogether too argumentative for its own good. When reading the novel you're prepared to dawdle over a few notions along the way, but the urgent time sense of movies doesn't allow this.

Fonda has had an impressive political career of late rising in swift succession from the man who doesn't get to be secretary of state in *Advise And Consent* to the man who doesn't get the presidential nomination in *The Best Man*, now he's become an outstanding Mr. President. He's just the sort of actor you want to have around for a crisis like this. In fact, the whole cast is fine. It's not their fault if *Fail Safe* is not a first rate picture.

SIDNEY HOOK'S MASSIVE RETALIATION

When the novel first appeared two years ago Sidney Hook, a New York political philosopher disagreed so violently with its point of view that he promptly wrote a book called *The Fail-Safe Fallacy*, which charged Burdick and Wheeler with hysteria-mongering for profit. Hook quarrels with what Burdick and Wheeler imagine the Russians would do in the event of an accidental attack on Moscow. In the book and the movie the Americans use their own bombs to destroy New York to prove that the Moscow attack really was an accident. Accordingly to Hook it wouldn't happen this way. Instead Khrushchev would invade western Europe. Burdick and Wheeler insist that some kind of accidental disaster must happen sooner or later. Hook says it wouldn't.

Since no one is likely to make a movie out of *The Fail-Safe Fallacy*, Hook is arguing at a considerable disadvantage. But he has already had some effect. The movie script has added a desperate plea from the pilot's wife in answer to one of Hook's objections. But it's all to no avail since the pilot by this time is so intent on dropping the bombs that he cannot make a rational decision.

Is this really how it would be? Who can say? This, of course, is the greatest flaw of the war games. Reality has too many variables to be more than minimally predictable. But so long as there is the slightest chance of accidental war, it is useful, as Herman Kahn might say, to think about the unthinkable.

BOOKS

Dag Hammarskjold the lonely, haunted mystic that the world never knew

UNTIL DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD died in the wreckage of his chartered DC-6B during a peacekeeping mission to the Congo three years ago his countrymen thought of him as a sort of Swedish Mackenzie King — a colorless grey-flannel bureaucrat whose greatest asset was a genius for compromise. But like King — whom Bruce Hutchison revealed as a mother haunted mystic in *The Incredible Canadian* — Hammarskjöld was a deeply complex character who concealed his loneliness and mysticism behind the bland façade of an international civil servant. This month, in a fragmentary book of private musings that the UN secretary general left behind him, Canadians will get a glimpse of a Hammarskjöld that the world never knew — a God obsessed figure as tortured as any character in an Ingmar Bergman film.

Hammarskjöld's book is called *Markings* (Faber & Faber, $5.75) and when it was first published last year in Sweden it made some Scandinavians very angry. Herbert Tingsten, a distinguished critic and former editor of Stockholm's *Dagens Nyheter*, snorted that the book portrays "the civil servant as saint." Another critic's waspish comment: "It was a lucky thing that Hammarskjöld died before his obsession with Christ completely removed him from reality."

NOTES ON ONE MAN'S NEGOTIATIONS WITH GOD

Whatever flaws it revealed in its author, *Markings* is a unique record of the gropings of a human soul. Hammarskjöld in a letter to a friend called the book "a kind of White Book concerning my negotiations with myself and God." Although he wrote it during his busy years at the UN in New York, the book contains not a word about momentous events and living people — and the UN is not even mentioned. What it does contain is the revelation — as astonishing to the Swedes as King's internal life was to Canadians — that Hammarskjöld saw his UN duties as the fulfillment of a divine mission and the post of secretary general as something close to Christ's vicarage on earth.

Yours — for Your will is my destiny
Consecrated — for my destiny is to be used
and spent according to Your will

This mission involved self-sacrifice, and it seemed at times that Hammarskjöld positively thirsted for it.

The road
You shall follow it
The fun
You shall forget it
The cup
You shall empty it
The pain
You shall conceal it
The truth
You shall be told it
The end
You shall endure it

The thought of the end which he must endure one day runs all through Hammarskjöld's book.

Tomorrow we meet Death and I
He will run his sword into a wide-awake
man

When the end finally drew near, Hammarskjöld wrote — a month before his death — about the America he could see from his window on the thirty-eighth floor of the UN secretarial building.

As the midsummer sun
Sets scarlet
In a haze of heat
Over Poughkeepsie

Was it here
Here, that paradise was revealed
For one brief moment
On a night in midsummer?

Hammarskjöld's book, and his life, ended on that note of uncertainty. But perhaps the note that rings most strongly from this strange book by a strange and good man is a quote (which the author does not attribute) from Hendrik Ibsen. Hammarskjöld borrowed it in 1956 around the time he was pondering the tragedy of the Hungarian revolution.

If you gave all except your life
Know that you have given nothing

OLIVER CLAUSEN



HAMMARSKJOLD: A SECRET MYSTIC SEEKING GOD

TELEVISION

The CBC's latest 'bold new look' — and why, this season, it really is

EVERY AUTUMN, as predictably as the introduction of next year's Chevrolet, the CBC announces a Bold New Look in its public affairs department. Usually the promised Bold Look turns out to be the Old Look all over again, but this year — judging by one big new show that made its debut on October 4 — it could be that the CBC really means it.

The show is called *This Hour Has Seven Days* (the longest TV title since *That Was The Week That Was*) and the program's mandate, according to co-producers Pat Watson and Douglas Leiterman, is to "range Canada and the world, and pounce on significant events wherever they occur."

Thanks to a hefty budget — total expenses might hit fifty thousand dollars on some shows — they've already done a lot of pouncing. Watson, reporter Roy Faibish and cameraman Erik Durschmied spent nine weeks filming in Communist China last summer. (*Maclean's*, Sept. 19) and scooped the Peking press corps by luring an interview with China's publicity-shy foreign minister Chen Yi. And in recent weeks Tar Heeling Seven Days correspondents could be found (as in Mississippi probing the disappearance of three civil rights workers) or in Spain (for a wide-ranging look at life under the Franco regime (sic)) or in Toronto chasing the Beatles with hand-held cameras. (And in Texas, Mexico, New York, Rome and London on documentary assignments that could occupy anything from a few minutes to the entire hour of *Seven Days*' Sunday night 10 p.m. time slot.

SIXTY MINUTES OF A MAGAZINE MIXTURE

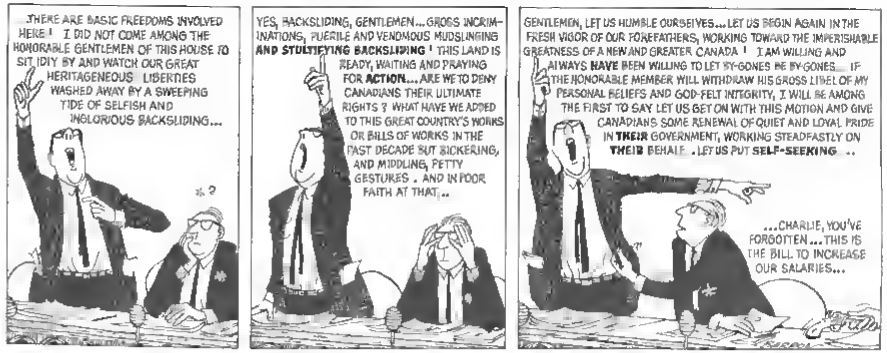
Watson and Leiterman describe *Seven Days* as a magazine show, meaning that each hour-long program will be a mixture of spot news, commentary, documentaries, arts and sports coverage and satire (as resident satirist they've hired a former TW3 writer named Robin Grove-White). Among the items already on film, for instance, is an interview with former CIA chief Allen Dulles, a conversation with William F. Buckley Jr. about his friend Barry Goldwater, a commentary by critic Robert Fulford on the James Bond-Ian Fleming phenomenon and an interview with a stripper from Toronto's Victory Theatre who insists that girls with big chests don't necessarily have small minds.

Both Watson and Leiterman brought impressive credentials to the job of producing the CBC's most ambitious public-affairs venture to date — including the fact that they've been involved in most of the usual public affairs shows produced over the past half dozen years. Leiterman, who is thirty-seven, started as a reporter on the Vancouver *Province*, joined the CBC in 1957 and helped develop *Close Up*, one of the longest-running and probably the most consistently interesting series the department ever produced. From *Close Up*, he graduated to managing the *Background* and *Document* series and it was on those shows that he developed the *cinéma vérité* filming techniques that have become his trademark.

While Leiterman has specialized in hidden-eye documentaries, Watson's background is more varied. He joined the CBC in 1956, also went through the *Close Up* mill, has produced everything from variety shows to Peter (Mr. Fixit) Whitall's do-it-yourself series. But his most notable achievement to date was *Inquiry*, which featured some of the most savage interviews ever seen on Canadian TV. Boss McLean, in a burst of fatherly pride, once called Watson "the finest, fiercest, most intelligent craftsman ever produced by the public affairs department."



LEITERMAN AND WATSON: BEARERS OF THE BOLD LOOK



BY SID BARRON

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

RITA UBRIACO says: Canadians need less birth control and more self-control

I RESENT A STAND UP MY MIND what I find most offensive about the advocates of birth control—their hypocrisy, their condescension or simply their wrong-headed arguments. Birth control is, of course, internationally accepted by a great many Canadians as the answer to all the ills of the world or at least to all the ills that are supposed to follow from the "over-population problem." They believe that people who oppose mechanical birth control on moral grounds are old fashioned, anti-intellectual and irresponsible. Naturally enough, I have no quarrel with those who honestly admit that they simply do not want to have children and who, according to their conscience, practise birth control in the privacy of their bedrooms. But the worship of birth control as an ultimate panacea, it seems to me, has led its advocates into mistakes in reasoning and into a number of false assumptions that are far more dangerous and pernicious than the evils that birth control is supposed to cure.

DON'T BLAME IT ALL ON THE CATHOLICS

Birth-control advocates are united almost to a man—and wrong almost to a man—in blaming all the opposition to their pet schemes on the Roman Catholic Church. The Church, they argue, is responsible for the "antiquated" state of Canada's birth-control legislation. Yet there are only two provinces, Quebec and New Brunswick, that have Catholic majorities. And since Catholic population figures always include anyone who just happens to have been born a Catholic and excludes those who later drift away from the Church, it's obvious that the numbers and powers of Catholics are greatly exaggerated. If the majority of Canadians really do want changes in birth-control laws, it's simple enough for them to reflect their wishes through their elected representatives. There's nothing the Catholic minority can do to stop them, assuming the Catholics would want to stop them.

Champions of birth control make another serious miscalculation when they assume that a little education in the use of The Pill and other birth-control devices will save the poor from producing children and problems. Here they reckon without the human factor that the Catholic Church, quite accurately, describes as invincible ignorance. Just as anthropologists have found primitive peoples who have failed to grasp the link between sexual intercourse and pregnancy, modern social workers in big city slums, horrified by repeated pregnancies in families they have supplied with birth-control devices, have found that many women place these devices under their beds to ward off pregnancy. In Vancouver, where the Society for Population Planning has recently been formed, the director of the Vancouver Family Service Agency reported that some young *married couples* still believe babies can be born through the navel. If people can grow to a marriageable age in a sex saturated society like ours and still cling to these beliefs, it's hard to agree with the birth-control advocates that "the poor" can be taught, and will practise, the subtleties of birth control etiquette.

PAMPERING A NATURAL URGE

Birth control advocates also like to argue that sex is a "natural" urge that should be given free rein. Nowhere is this argument displayed more perniciously than in their contention that birth-control devices should be made available to young unmarried people to guard against teenage pregnancies. Children went sex, they maintain, therefore we should make it safe for them. I'm not at all certain that a program of birth-control protection would necessarily cut down the already astronomical numbers of teenage pregnancies. About half of all the unwed mothers in Ontario are teenagers and the chances of more pregnancies—produced by "repeaters"—would, it seems to me, only increase if the birth-control advocates had their way. The moral consequences of their program are even worse to contemplate. A readily available supply of birth-control devices would encourage teenage promiscuity with a resultant loss of self respect. On both practical and moral grounds, it makes far more sense to teach our young people a lot more about self-control and a lot less about birth control.

But the strangest support for birth control comes from misguided feminists who profess to believe that freedom from pregnancy somehow offers women a new equality with men. No one denies that the old double standard of sexual morality is as unjust as it is ridiculous: the ancient belief that boys must lose their virginity as soon as possible, while girls must cling tenaciously to theirs, is an idiotic and obsolete tribal custom. But there are obvious flaws in the feminists' solution. Contraception does *not* as the feminists contend, give women control over their bodies. Instead it reduces them to the level of objects to be used almost at will. The feminist argument sets back by several thousand years the long struggle of women to become people instead of sex-objects.

The assumption that underlies the feminist argument is that all of us—men and women—need sex in the same way that we need food, water, oxygen and sleep. Sex is an urge, the argument goes, that must be constantly satisfied. This is nonsense. It's only possible to survive a few seconds without oxygen and a few weeks without food, but thousands of men and women in religious orders or otherwise committed to single life are managing quite well to survive without sex.

In a larger sense, the arguments for mechanical birth control are part of a general pattern—a pattern of growing refusal to accept our responsibilities. In medieval days, when the Judaeo-Christian tradition was the core of western civilization, man was regarded as a creature possessing reason and will and, as such, was considered *responsible* for his actions.

Now, if a wilful act has unpleasant consequences we don't refrain from the act; we frustrate the consequences. If smoking makes us ill, we don't give up cigarettes; we invent filters and convince ourselves that they're effective. If overeating leads to ugly obesity, we don't follow sensible diets; we gorge ourselves on no-cal foods. In the same way, if over-indulgence of our sex appetites leads to over-population, we don't curb our appetites—we frustrate the natural consequences of our acts with mechanical devices.

DO BIRTH-CONTROL NUTS SECRETLY FEEL GUILTY?

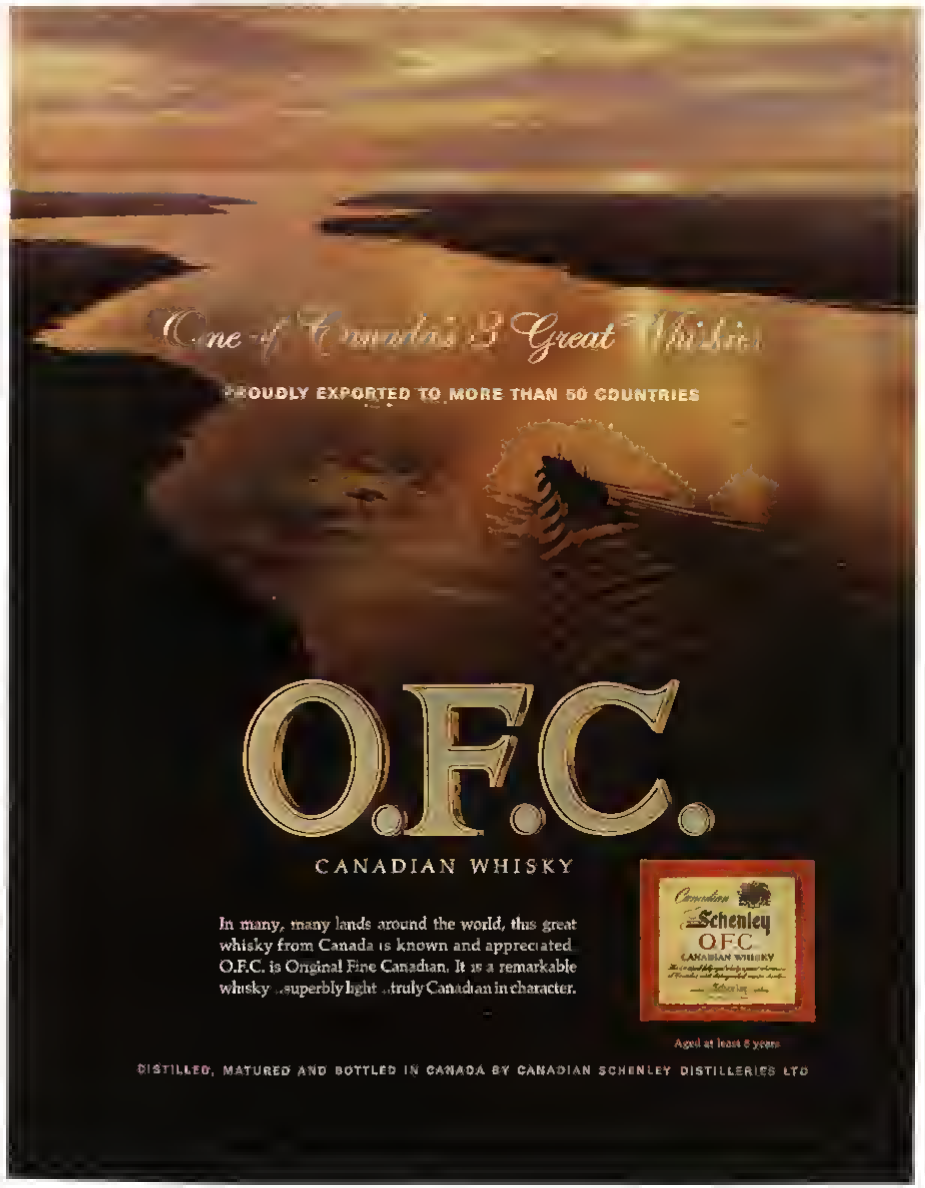
This solution strikes me as the worst sort of personal selfishness. I'm inclined to think that those who suffer most from the advocacy of birth control are the advocates themselves. It seems to me that "sophisticated modern" Canadians are preaching birth control as the world's salvation because they feel guilty about their own birth-control practices. They would much rather own their cat and their poodle than have a baby—but they refuse to admit as much to themselves and instead hide behind pious talk about the over population problem.

Those of us who oppose mechanical birth control for moral reasons—and are condemned for it by birth-control advocates—are sick of the sort of hypocrisy of the husband and wife who have a combined income of fifteen thousand dollars a year, own a six-thousand-dollar car and live in a prestige apartment—and insist that they practise birth control "for the sake of the starving children in India."

Miss Ubriaco, a Roman Catholic, is a free lance writer who lives in Toronto.



THE BIRTH-CONTROL NUT: HE'S TRYING TO SHAME EVERYONE INTO BEING FRIGHTENED OF CHILDREN





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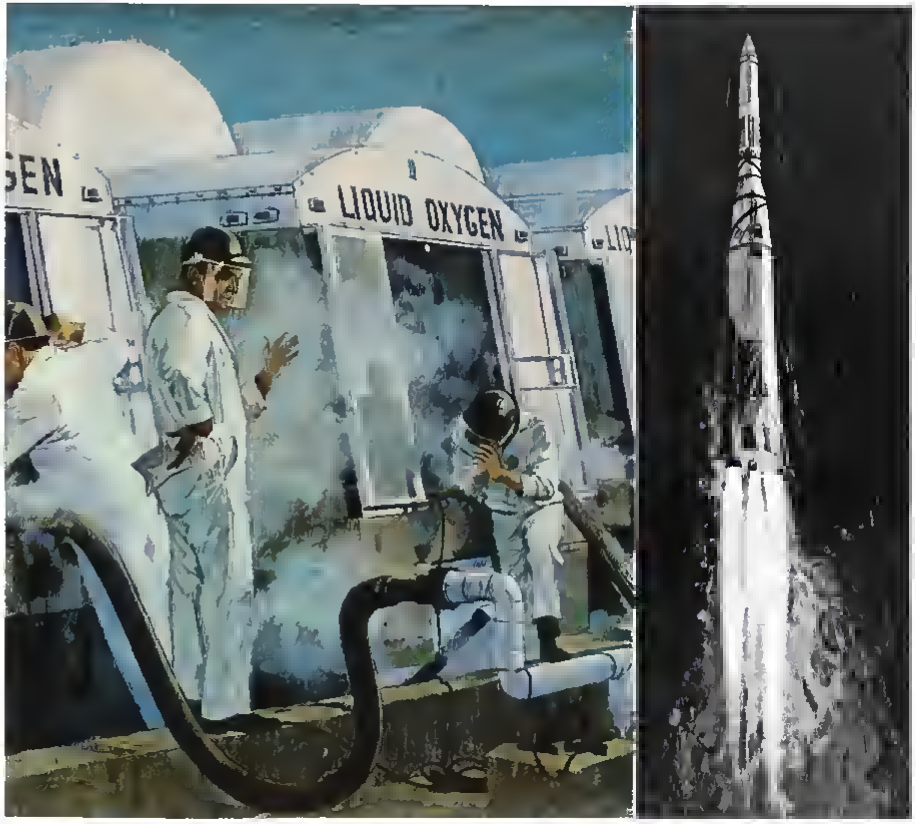
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